THE GREATEST NATIONAL WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 175.000 Sample copies sent free to any address.

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907. VOL. LXXII, NO. 31.

How Luke Short Became Marshal o' Dodge City

Recently the Texas newspapers an-nced the death, in Dallas, of the . S. K. Short, an aged peripatetic ister of the Presbyterian faith, the obituaries stated, had ridden circuit of his faith from one end Texas to the other almost since the d when the Lone Star state was Mexican possession," remarked a engineer of Washington who as-d in the building of many of the hwestern railroads.

Only a few of the Texas news-ers made any mention of the fact, ever, in publishing this obituary ch, that the goodly old traveling cher of the Presbyterian faith was father of the famous Luke Short, time marshal of Dodge City when e was the worst place on the lized globe. Twenty years and e ago the country used to ring dically with the deeds of Luke t. He was often adverted to as a cteristic bad man of the west, he was very far from that. Dur-his life Luke Short, who died in bed from a very commonplace dy fifteen years ago, killed exact-wenty-three men, but he didn't er one of them; he got every last of them in the square line of duty necessity.

A lot of knife fighters and gun ers who killed for the love of g and the fame of bloody deeds after Short when his reputation peace marshal and a defender of own sawed-off person became na-al, and the time came when Luke was one of the quietest and most btrusive men I ever knew, had to the world looking before and nd him and to keep one eye open in his sleep.

good many jobs were cooked up him by friends of genuinely bad whom he had been compelled to over the big divide, and on sev-occasions in Texas his enemies mpted to railroad him to the gal-, and, failing that, to send him to 's prison for life. But the late rnor Hogg, of Texas, who had Luke Short early in his Texas r, and who had probed the true e of the man, was Short's firm and antial friend through all of these bles, and he was at Short's be-—Hogg then being governor of as—holding his hand when the dickered out of the dauntless little rshal of the Dodge peace.

was Gov. Hogg himself who told many years ago, the story of how Short first arrrived in Dodge City, hich unspeakable camp he soon after me the night marshal.

Short had been in the freighting ess at Durango, Col., and one day st up with an old-time freighter who just got in from the long haul-away Dodge City. Luke got into talk the old freighter and asked him t Dodge.

'They're telling me it's right smart down that way,' said Luke. 'Is that ? I've been thinking of dropping that way.'

'Well, you stay out of Dodge, pod-replied the old freighter. "They'll git yo' if yo' go thar. They git or three ev'ry night in Dodge. W'y, las' week they put it on a eastern fr nothin' else but projeckin' into mup wearin' a plug hat.'

Is that right ' said Short, calmly. l, I'm going over to Dodge tomor-and,' he added as a sort of after-ght, I'm going to get in there wear-a plug hat. I never wore a plug hat e, but I might just as well begin ng one in Dodge.'

he old freighter sized up the small, act, sandy-haired Luke out of the r of his eye, probably trying to mine whether Short was crazy or a four-flush trying to get by with high conversation.

'Well,' said the old freighter, finally, t a hundred here that says yo' ain't n' t' pull into Dodge wearin' no hat,' and he pulled out his roll.

'You're on,' said Short, and he cov-the hundred instantly.

he old freighter was puzzled to his bet picked up so quickly, but it run as it lay, and both men put their money with the Durango agent e Wells-Fargo company. As there n't any plug hats in Durango and couldn't be got down from Denver in less than three days, they ar-ed to start for Dodge four days

When the shiny top-piece arrived Denver the two men took the train Dodge. The old freighter was still are of Short's identity as the quick-man on the trigger then alive, and, ddition to that, one of the most ac-plished bowie fighters. Short hadn't long out of Texas, then, and his ation as a trimmer of would-be bad hadn't got out of his own country. When the train drew close to Dodge the old freighter told the story to Hogg just as the latter told it to the older man said to Short:

'Bud, yo' had bettuh take my advice an' now, an' not git off this train that thing on yo' head. I'll let yo' yo' bet down. Yo' had bettuh git th' train with yo' regular hat on.'

The bet goes as it was made, of se,' replied Short, and he reached n to the band-box, pulled out the -new silk hat, stroked it with the e of his blue flannel shirt, and put his sandy head. He had two guns ped to his waist and all the rest of make-up of the frontiersman of his but yet, with it all, he looked the unassuming little chap he really

When the train pulled in at Dodge was the usual crowd of men at the on, and the usual number of them drunk and boisterous and ugly. When he saw the crowd, 'I reckon may on board and watch this heah ,' observed the old freighter.

All right,' said Short, and then he ed out to the car platform, a queer re, with the shiny new silk hat set ally on one side of his head and his -up as a frontiersman.

Howdy, there, Luke, said Jim Pur-the day marshal, who was in the sta-crowd. Purdy was the only man in crowd who knew Luke, having met with him in San Antone.

The eyes of nearly every man in the d of a hundred and odd were on lit-Luke Short as he complaisantly ped from the train, and not a man a word or made an overt move. e was something in Short's serious ntenance, in his up-standing carriage, probably in the incongruity of the ping hat in combination with the of his make-up, that held them off.

It would, of course, have been quite eening with the customs and prac-of Dodge City for the bunch of men he station to shoot that silk hat into ns and flinders as Luke Short delib-ely walked across from the station down the main street without once turning around, but the thing didn't pen, that's all. There wasn't a word much less a gun pulled.

Short walked into the 'Gilded Grub' en, still with that shiny hat set rak-on one ear, strolled up to the bar called for a drink for himself. re were a lot of bad men in the sa-ton. But they just looked. They t say anything about that hat and didn't shoot.

Short disposed of his drink, and then removed his hat and held it in his ds for a minute. Then he placed it in the floor of the saloon in front of the bar, brim down, and sedately jumped on it till it was themerest pulp.

Meanwhile, the old freighter with whom he had made the bet had followed him up, noticing that there was no shooting, and he took Short by the hand.

"'Buddy-podner,' he said, 'yo' win, an' yo' kin telegraft th' man at Durango t' ship t' dust along t' ye. While I respecks yo' f'r bein' a man o' nerve, I kaint re-speck yo' f'r bein' a d—d fool, wich th' same, barrin' yo' feelin's an' askin' yo' pardon, I think yo' is.'

"Three days later Luke Short was made nightmarshal of Dodge, and the way he eventually succeeded in taming that bad camp so that most of the bad 'uns would all but eat out of his hand, is a matter of general history and recol-lection with those who remember the bad camps of this country.

"Now I get to how I myself made Luke Short's acquaintance. This hap-pened when Luke was night marshal of Dodge.

"I was attached to the surveying corps of a branch railroad that was being pushed by a point above Dodge. One night I took it into my head to mingle in the hot life of Dodge for a few hours —you are to remember that I was a middling young fellow at that time. I just hankered to take a look at Dodge's bunch of hard propositions with the guns strapped to their surcingles, and that's what I did.

"But when I got into Dodge they they didn't seem to me to be bad at all, and they took me in hand and treated me royally, as I thought, in my foolish unseasoned way—if making me drink a whole lot more bad whisky than I had ever drank before or than was good for me, was treating me royally.

"Along toward midnight I got into a poker game with four heavy-artil-leried chaps at Toole Kingsley's fam-ous 'Hell and Busted' combination honkatonk and faro bank. One of my tablemates—but I didn't find this out till later—was one or the most in-famous bad men of the Indian Terri-tory, Bud Kimball, who was lynched a few years afterward for the murder of a whole family in southern Arkan-sas.

"I had no business playing cards with that bunch in the first place, but as long as I was in the game I sure-enough had no right to win the way I did. But I did win from the begin-ning. My luck in drawing papers was something startling, and an hour after the beginning of the game all four of the men I was playing with were re-garding me with suspicion.

"Considering the almost miraculous luck I had, I couldn't really blame them, either. It made no difference what I drew to, I got the top hand nearly every time. Pat hands were slipped to me almost as often as pairs were served out to the other fellows.

"After a couple of hours the luck took another switch. While I seemed to get nothing at all on the deals of the other fellows, I dealt myself hands that positively smelt of brimstone, and this fact didn't tend to soften the glares that they all bestowed upon me. Every time I showed up one of these remarkable self-dealt hands and scooped in a pot I felt my back hair rising.

Finally it was my deal on a jack-pot. The man on my left cracked it, and it was boosted all around till it got up to me. I had four eights, and of course I just naturally had to h'ist it the limit.

"I was pretty shaky over doing this, but I was conscious of my own entire innocence. I had been drinking a heap of bad whisky, and I was deter-mined to play the string out, anyhow.

"They looked at me pretty hard when I raised it the limit before the draw, and probably there was some knee-rubbing. They all slid their beans to the center, however, standing the raise, and when it got around to Bud Kimball he slammed his bundle of gold—he was shy of chips and re-fused to buy any more—into the heap, with a great oath.

"'Bud,' he said to me, looking at me hard out of his little red eyes, 'some o' your work here t'night has been so cut-an'-dried lookin' as t' ex-cite a hull lot o' doubt about your be-in' on th' square. If you happen t' have anythin' in that fist o' your'n this time that'll top th' good ones I'm clingin' onto right now, then you hav-in' dished out this mess yourself, there won't be no manner o' question about your bein' a proper crook.'

"There were a few little flowers of speech in that address that I won't elaborate.

"Was I scared? Well, the cards just dropped out of my hand, face up, on the table, I was so scared. I was so paralyzed with fear that I simply couldn't move or say a word, and, what's more, I'm not a particle ashamed to own up to it. When the cards fell out of my hand that way Kimball reached over and picked them up.

"'Well, you are a crook, ain't you?' he said when he saw the value of the hand that topped his three aces, and as he spoke he whipped out the big gun in the right side of his belt. I was pretty middling blind with the realization of what this move meant, and of my own defenselessness, and when I heard a loud report I gave it all up and figured it out that I was already about three-quarters of the distance over the big divide.

"When I opened my eyes a second later I saw Kimball staring at the door. His right arm was hanging limp at his side. His gun had fallen on the table without having been discharged, and his left arm was in the air. So were the arms of the other three men, and they also had their eyes glued on the door.

"I twisted around to look that way myself. Standing quietly in the door-way, with his two guns covering the five of us, was an undersized, red-bearded, blue-eyed man with an aggressive jaw.

"He was Luke Short, Dodge's night marshal. I had observed him eyeing me earlier in the evening when I first got mixed up at the bar with the fellows who had invited me into the poker game. I didn't know who he was then, and I wondered why he was sizing me up so sharply. I knew later, of course, that he saw I was a tenderfoot who was likely to get into serious trouble later on in the evening. The shot I had heard when I'd given the whole thing up was from one of Luke Short's guns. It had caught Bud Kimball in the right shoulder just in the nick of time, causing the gun with which the killer meant to kill me to fall from his hand.

"'Slope for your camp, son,' said the little night marshal to me, in his quiet way, and I was out of that room like a cat.

"In later years I got on friendly terms with Short, and he told me that two of the men who had been at that poker table with me in Dodge had laid for him for his interference that night and that he had been compelled to kill them both in self-defense."—Clarence L. Cullen in Washington Star.

How Tennessee Went Dry

By George Burton Voorheis.

There are people who deride senti-ment, and then "there are others," as we used to say. Mark Twain says everything hangs on sentiment, and Senator Bob Taylor, three times gov-ernor of Tennessee, and an advocate of smiles, laughs and humor, spreads this theory in his peculiar way. To hear his "Castles in Air" you know the why. There may not be just one kind of sentiment. There is one of home, one of friendliness, and one of pure sen-timent just as Kant has his pure rea-son.

But this seemingly has nothing, you say, to do with why Tennessee went dry. It has though. First there was the anti-saloon sentiment. Once it was not strong. The Nestle's food given it was good, and it became stronger. To this time Tennessee was wet. There was no local option, no Adams' law to operate.

The infant we mentioned was the sentiment opposed to saloons in Sunny Tennessee. As it grew in strength it took form in the Adams bill. The state was stumped. The late Senator Car-mack, the man of fiery utterance and red head, championed the child, and by his eloquence bent others in the same direction, and by much speaking in the senate and house the Adams bill became the Adams law, and the child could vote. It was of age.

It was a very modern law, and in one sweep ruled saloons out. There was a great laying of waste through-out west, middle and east Tennessee. In every place up to 5,000 inhabitants saloons went. The small places dried up as regards drinks and blossomed as to business. You never saw such a change. The toughs, the loafers, the rowdies and the saloon where they congregated disappeared. The main streets were safe day and night, and women and timid men did not have to cross to the other side to avoid hear-ing things. To this time people had argued that it would kill any town to take away this trade. It did not; it only made them.

Grant that there was as much drink-ing as before, which there was not, the drinking was removed to barns, fields and homes and it no longer was pub-lic. The town was a safer one—all the small ones were.

When the Adams law went into ef-fect it left about ten places where there were saloons. These were Memphis, the bad, Nashville, the educational center, Knoxville, the quiet town, Chattanooga, the hustler, and Jackson, Clarksville, Columbia, Win-chester, Union City and one or two other of the smaller sizes. Then, as the Adams law provided these towns could or not, vote themselves dry. Some did. Winchester, 7,500; Clarksville, 30,000, and Union City, did this last year.

All this while, or for a period of half a dozen years, the state grew in wisdom and the smaller places became respecta-ble. Who would drink had a jug ex-pressed to them and the jug trade flour-ished. While it put the small dealer out, it filled the pockets of the wholesaler, who did a retail jug business for cash. The postoffice and express companies set their presses busy on money orders. Then they wrote them. The stamp busi-ness was increased. The postmasters were besieged with requeas for names of local residents who might drink. For such a list you were promised a quart of whisky and a quart of wine. This was a common offer. Quite naturally they received the lists and then a present of two quarts of liquids was never missed. The main part of the jug trade came from the towns not dry, but where none were near, the orders went to Louisville or some nearer city in a neighboring state.

Last year Tennessee elected a govern-or. The Democratic, or dominant party, had two candidates and each pledged to extend the Adams law. That was the platform. Canvasses were made. The state was stumped and Congressman Patterson, of Memphis, defeated Gov. Cox. Patterson's platform and pledges were stronger. He promised to sign a bill to make Tennessee dry. The talk was plain, pointed and blunt. Governor Patterson took the oath and his seat. He was a whole man and governor in toto. Nobody could guess his policies further than the above. When he had assumed office he made his appoint-ments. Then the public knew his selec-lections. Nashville, for herself, began a deal and the city council passed a bill putting all saloons in a district about eight blocks square. This was the se-gregation bill. The legislature got busy. There were many sayings, but not so much doing. Knoxville, a place of sixty thousand, went dry, and now all that is left is poor old Memphis, a small dis-trict in Nashville, the state capital, and Chattanooga, and the end is not yet.

The merely making dry the cities in Tennessee does not, as you will see, make the state that way. It does de-stroy the saloon. It cuts out loafing. It takes away temptation and it livens up the small place. Drunkenness is allied to other evils. The removal of the form-er lessens the latter. But the state steps in and says, "we will pass a law that will prevent Kentucky, Illinois, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missiouri, Ala-bama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia from shipping a jug, box, or any such thing into our confines." Tennessee has much border and ten states had to be named, as all help to limit her in extent.

THE WIFE.

See dat, Signore? See, dere she go.
Ah! look! she wave her hand!
She's Rosa; dat's my wife you know.
O! granda girl, my frand.
Ees notheeng look to me so sweet
An' mak' me feel so good
Like Rosa walkin' down da street
Weeth bigga loada wood.
So easy, weeth eet on her head,
She eesa sweeng along,
You theenk eet ees a hat eenstead—
Eh? how ees dat for strong?
I no could find een all da world',
You justa bat my life!
Anudder soocha fina girl
Like Rosa for da wife.
Eh? Sure, I gatta mon' enough.
Eh? w'ata for I mak'
Her carry home sooch heavy stuff?
O! my, you are meestak'.
I do not mak' her do dees theeng.
I mighta even be da keeng—
I no could mak' her stop.
She like for doin' deesa way;
She gat her work to do
For keep her beezy alla day,
So like me an' you.
Eh? Sure she ees Eetalian.
An' I am proud—Eh? W'at?
"She no be good 'Merican
So long she doin' dat?"
I s'posa w'at you say ees true,
But den, you see, Signore,
Ees playnta theeng dat she might do
Ees gona hurt her more.
Of course, som' day I want dat she
Be gooda 'Merican,
But not so good dat she weell be
Ashame' of Dagoman.
Som' 'Merican girls, of course,
Dey theenk dey are so good.
Dey radder work for gat divorce
Eenstead for carry wood!
So, notheeng look to me so sweet,
An' mak' me feel so good,
Like Rosa walkin' down da stree:
Weeth bigga loada wood.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Man With the Opals

By Austin Fryers

CHAPTER IX.

When Anson recovered consciousness he was naturally surprised to find him-self lying in a Sydney hospital, and to learn that he had been there for sev-eral weeks hovering between this world and the next, with the balance some-what in favor of the latter.

From the nurse he learned that Charters had departed to join his daugh-ter in England.

Anson could not believe that he had not left any message or address for him after all they had gone through together, until he learned from the hospital phy-sician that, although Charters was well physically, his brain had apparently not wholly recovered from the sufferings he had undergone. He was, said the phy-sician, either strangely unwilling to dis-cuss his adventure, or had indeed lost all recollection of that terrible voyage. It was, however, possible that he had left a message for him with Dr. Durand, an assiduous friend who was constant in his attendance at the hospital.

This news coming upon him in his weak condition distressed Anson greatly. He had grown very fond of Charters, and his feelings towards Estelle, whose face haunted most of the dreams of his delirium, made it seem impossible that she should pass from his life in this way. Was he in the future to treasure up only the few brief hours that, added to-gether, made up the sum of his ac-quaintance with her?

As he lay there in bed, staring down the long wards of the hospital, at the rows of white couches, and the gliding figures of the sweetfaced nurses, or gaz-ing from the window out over the love-liest harbor in the world, he pondered over the events of the few weeks subse-quent to his arrival at independence and his determination to return home. What an amount of incidents even for an eventful life those few weeks had given birth to! Hard up for a few pounds, he had inherited a competency. With a heart, as he thought, steeled against the sex, he had fallen deeply, irrevocably in love, and with a girl who by this time had probably forgotten his very exist-ence, and he was suffering from a wound which would take longer to heal than that in his head. He had made and lost a good friend—a bad thing to do after thirty. He had been in danger of his life twice within a week. And then he remembered he had been left a fortune—a fortune in opals. For poor Wade was dead, and he was now co-heir with Charters in the unfortunate fellow's find.

At first the idea rather shocked than pleased him. Those opals had been pretty deadly up to the present. They had cost Wade his life and the poor sailor Thompson his; Charters and him-self had been nearer death than he cared to recall; and the opals—well, the opals were still in their hiding place—if they had not yet been stolen. He thought more of Estelle in those days when he had nothing to do but think than he did of wealth. He felt sure that she did not care for money; her love for her father through all his trials and misfortunes, told him that. And besides, if he were rich, Charters was still more wealthy, for was not the greater part of the legacy his?

Would he try—had he tried—for the opals? Anson wondered, as he lay one day gazing out on the shipping in the harbor, and watched one of the Union boats starting on its voyage for New Zea-land. And then the doctor's words came back to his mind. Charters had been strangely unwilling or unable to recall those days in the open boat. The doctor had thought his brain affected. Might it not be, as is so often the case, a blank to the events connected with his illness? Might he not have forgotten poor Wade and his will? Indeed, except by inference, he could not be sure the poor fellow was dead, for he was insensible when Wade leaped from the boat. His knowledge of Charters' nature told him that he would take no steps to secure the opals until he was assured of the man's decease, and even then, with his carelessness of practicabilities, he would probably give the matter little thought.

But a fortune such as Wade had spoken of was not to be lightly thrown away, and Anson determined to hasten his convalescence, get strong again and find his friends. He could obtain Wade's directions as to the hiding place from Charters' arm, and be the means of presenting Estelle with—well, if she did not care for money, at least with a set of jewels that should be worthy of royalty itself.

He could not quite understand what Durand's presence in Sydney meant, nor did he trust him. For all that, however, it was with a feeling of pleasure he heard that afternoon that Dr. Durand had called and wished to see him.

One always feels a certain amount of interest in people, however anti-pathetic, who have been connected with the great events of one's life; and this was why he looked forward with interest to Durand's visit.

Durand was a man whom nothing could put out of countenance. The fact, therefore, that Anson's greeting was cool, and that they had been, if not open enemies on the Doric, at least passively hostile to each other, apparently made not the least differ-ence to him. He strolled in calmly, looking well-dressed and handsome as usual, and with an amiable smile lighting up his clear-cut features.

"I was delighted to hear you were rescued," he commenced warmly, when he had shaken Anson by the hand, and taken a chair near the sofa on which he rested. "We feared, on board, that you were lost. Ruth-erford was in a terrible state about the accident, and though we cruised about for hours we could, of course, find no traces of you. That poor girl, Miss Charters, suffered terribly from the suspense. What a beautiful girl she is, and how overjoyed she will be to welcome her father back from the jaws of death," he continued, his cold, bright eyes meeting Anson's with a trace of meaning in them.

"She was well when you last saw her?" Anson asked eagerly.

"Quite well, as far as bodily health goes," he returned, "and very grateful to me when I offered to return to Syd-ney to attend to you both. You have not heard from her?"

"No, and it is hardly possible I could," Anson replied. "She cannot long have reached England, and, of course, has not had time to write to me yet."

Durand's keen eyes seemed to read Anson's secret as he mentioned Es-telle's name, but his impassive face gave no sign and he changed the sub-ject.

"Poor Wade has gone, I hear," he said carelessly; "but, poor devil, he was booked, anyway. I did what I could for him on board, but he had an idea I meant him badly, and was not very grateful."

Anson glanced at him, but kept back the remark that was on his lips, and drifting on to the topic of his treat-ment in hospital, they soon became engaged in easy chat.

Hypnotism is a science that has made great strides of late years, and is capable of still greater expansion, but it is not on record that anyone has ever yet been hypnotized except with consent. Yet it is hardly open to doubt that, given a weak mind or a mind in a weak state, and a will of great power, backed by a splendid vi-tality, the stronger mind will triumph over the weaker. Durand did not hyp-notize Anson, nor attempt to do so. His nature was given very much more to the material than the psychical side of science, and he had probably never studied the subject; yet had Anson been the most docile subject the Salt-petriere ever saw, and his companion the great Charcot himself, he could not have been more thoroughly turned inside out that day, or made more thoroughly communicative about everything upon which he most wished to preserve silence.

How was it? He did not know. But from that day he retained a great re-spect for Durand, where before he had experienced merely dislike.

He had disliked him the first time he met him. All he had ever been told of him added to his aversion. He dis-liked him a moment before he came into his room, and he hated him the moment he left it, but he was forced to confess he thought him a most charming and interesting fellow while he was with him that day.

As he talked in fascinating style of his adventures, of his travels in many countries; he discussed common ac-quaintances—he seemed to have met every one—he discoursed brilliantly of science—and at length, so great was the strange mastery of the man, Anson quite convinced himself that while he was telling him of his experiences in the boat, of Wade's strange will and death, of Charters' tatooed arm, and his probable good fortune—for he did tell him all these things—he quite convinced himself that he was telling the story exceedingly well, and that Durand was the best listener in the world to tell it to.

The man when he chose could certain-ly be extremely fascinating; Anson was still very weak, and Durand was the first man of his own class, save the doctor whose time was limited, with whom he had conversed for many weeks. That is how he afterwards tried to ex-cuse himself for his disclosures to the very man he most distrusted.

Durand—how Anson groaned when he recalled the fact—listened attentively to the tale. He expressed his sorrow at Wade's sad end and his sympathy with Charters and Anson for their sufferings, and when he at last rose to take his leave, his parting words were that he would find Charters and his daughter and convey to them Anson's best wishes.

Half an hour after he had gone, and his fascination, or whatever it was, had departed with him, Anson felt convinced that Durand would undoubtedly seek Charters and ascertain where the opals were hidden, and forestall them both by stealing them. Was it not for that very purpose he had drugged Wade on the Doric? Anson bitterly regretted his indiscretion, for he could not even cable a warning to Charters as he did not know his address.

With all he knew of Durand, and of Charters' simple, kindly nature, he could doubt not that Durand would entrap him, too. How he had fooled away Estelle's fortune and his own! Durand, who had the reputation of going to any lengths for money, who had attempted, by means which almost amounted to murder, to worm Wade's secret from him; Durand, whom even that poor drunken fellow had seen through, was now on the trail of the opals; and only Charters' unsuspecting nature stood be-tween him and them. What had he done?

For a day or two he was too troubled to do anything but groan and curse his folly, but after a time nature reasserted itself, and the idea that he might yet remedy his mistake helped to rouse him. At the worst it was but a race, and victory would lie with the fleetest.

He sent for the doctor and asked him anxiously the earliest date when he might hope to leave what was now only a prison to him.

"Aren't you comfortable here, young fellow?" asked the doctor. "I'm sure you ought to be."

"Doctor, it is an affair of the most vital importance that makes me want to leave here," interposed Anson earn-estly. "Your kindness—the kindness of all here I shall never forget, but I must go."

"I should have thought the affair of the most vital importance to a young chap like you, after your adventures, would be recovering your health," said the doctor smiling. "but as you seem very keen about it, shall we say a fortnight?"

"A fortnight!"

"Certainly not less. If you go be-fore you will not go beyond the har-bor. That is certain."

A fortnight! and another week, say, for getting a boat; that meant that Durand would have three weeks' start.

He raged, implored, threatened. It was no good. The doctor's word was final. His agitation only helped to delay the day of his release, so Anson settled down sullenly to wait for that day to come.

When at length it came, he bought a few clothes and necessaries, for the Doric had taken all his belongings with her to England, and bidding fare-well to the hospital, booked his pas-sage on one of the Orient boats for London via Colombo.

The voyage this time was without incident of importance, and after some weeks, which seemed months, so anx-ious was he to reach his journey's end, he landed in England.

CHAPTER X.

It is not to be wondered at that, in spite of the brave attitude of hopeful-ness maintained by Estelle, her nerves nearly gave way after the disappear-ance of her father and Anson. That Wade was lost she no more doubted than did any other soul on board the Doric, and it was no mitigation of the pity of the passenger or the pang at her own heart that the lives of those she loved—for she did not conceal to herself that she loved Anson—were so uselessly risked if they were not, in-deed, sacrificed.

The Doric had lain to all night, and when with the coming of morning not only the darkness of night, but the overhanging fog was dissipated, and no sign of the boat was visible in any direction between them and the eager-ly scanned horizon, it seemed hoping against hope to believe that any pos-sibility of rescue remained.

It was a strange fact, too, that she instinctly resented the only sympathy she received which shared her views as to the possibility that the boat might not have been lost. The sym-pathizer and comforter was Durand who theorized stoutly that the condi-tions by no means precluded that the possibility of the boat having drifted during the night out of the range of vision, in which case rescue was only a matter of hours on an ocean path which was constantly being traversed by all manner of craft.

And yet, although he brought rea-son and logic to the support of her hopes, it was during her conversation with him that her heart seemed to grow cold as ice, and her hopelessness sunk to zero.

It was doubtless due to her invinci-ble and unreasoning dislike of him that his cheering conversation had an effect on her spirits the reverse of what it would have had if another had been the speaker; and yet the very words, even if she could not accept them as reliable or sincere, were a wel-come change from the silent glances of pity or commonplace condolences of the other passengers, and on this ac-count Durand and she were frequently to be seen together during the melan-choly continuation of the voyage.

"There is to my mind an easy ex-planation of the disappearance of the boat," he said, a few days after the voyage had been resumed, "and I think the first news we receive will confirm my theory. More than one vessel passed during the night—I as-certained that from our 'lookout'—and it is very probable that your father and Anson successfully hailed them and were taken aboard."

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Durand, for giving me such grounds for hope. That has not occurred to anyone else."

"I must say it did not occur to me till this moment, and yet it is the most reasonable and most plausible explan-ation. Of course, any vessel rescuing them would proceed on her course, she could not possibly upset her arrange-ments to the extent of cruising about so as to join the Doric in the morning. She would be quite satisfied with hav-ing effected a rescue, and the incon-venience to the men rescued would be considered a very slight matter in comparison."

"I think you have really hit on the true solution," exclaimed Estelle fer-vently. "It is not likely the Doric and the boat drifted apart so far in the night, so that they must have fallen in with a vessel of some sort."

"Besides," interrupted Durand im-pulsively, while a cold and sinister gleam sprang into his eyes, "I have always had the feeling that a matter such as the search for the opals never ends in such a prosaic manner."

"I don't understand you," said Es-telle, looking at him with surprise. "Mr. Wade is undoubtedly dead, and with him is lost for ever the only clue to their whereabouts."

"That is what I cannot believe," said Durand with intensity. "The big chances of the world are under influ-ences which we perhaps don't under-stand, but all the same they are real, and I cannot think that a hoard of choice opals, which must be of almost fabulous value, could be left entirely at the mercy of a drunken madman."

"But unless some one at Port Lyt-tleton has a clue to their whereabouts it is certain that the story has closed for ever."

"But it is likely that Wade may have imparted this clue to your father and Anson."

"I don't think so; they were never in his company; you alone saw him privately."

"But he looked on me with the sus-picion which a man in delirium tremens always harbors against the doctor who seeks to cure him. On the other hand, I am con-vinced that he was desirous of a con-fidant. He must have confided in An-son or your father. Why, if it were not so, should they risk their lives to save him?"

"Why?" echoed Estelle coldly. "Sure-ly the ordinary instincts of humanity would have impelled them."

Durand saw that he had made a mis-take, and he sought at once to repair it.

"Yes," he said, "Wade could not have had an opportunity of confiding in them, and they must have been actuated only by a desire to save his worthless life. I think you are quite right."

"I know I am," said Estelle so de-cisively that he at once changed the course of the conversation.

"There is another possibility which has struck me," he resumed, "in think-ing out this melancholy business. We have all made up our minds that Wade has been lost——"

"I don't see how there can be any doubt of that," replied Estelle. "It is generally agreed that he was almost if not quite mad, and he was doubtless bent on suicide."

"That is the view in which we have all been most probably mistaken. Wade was mad, it is true, but his madness probably took the form of an insane desire to swim back to shore so as to regain his treasure."

"A resolve which is just the same thing as to determine to commit sui-cide."

"By no means," responded Durand. "If suicide were his intention, he would, of course, not battle for his life; he would, on the contrary, seek to compass his death. If, on the contrary, he were bent on the mad resolve to swim back, having failed to secure a boat and crew for which he had tried, he would at least battle for his life. In fact, as he is is probably a good swimmer, he would no doubt make considerable headway, while the sousing in the water and the exercise might have the immediate ef-fect of restoring him to his senses."

"That certainly sounds reasonable," said Estelle with growing interest. "But assuming that to be the case, what do you think would happen then?"

"Why, he would no doubt keep afloat until rescued by your father and An-son."

"Who would then at once return to the Doric."

"Well, that is where my strange theory goes right outside what you would re-gard as probable."

"Then what do you think might have happened?"

"In the first place," said he, leaning back and speaking as from an intro-spective process of reasoning, "the Doric would by that time have been a considerable distance away, as a ship not at anchor must necessarily drift. If we assume that Wade regained his senses, he would tell Anson and your father why he attempted his mad feat. He would have told them the exact value of his treasure, and the danger of discovery which threatened it."

"Still all this was generally known. What do you think could have hap-pened assuming that he once more told his story and told it sanely?"

"Well, this," said Durand, a jeal-ous, angry gleam replacing in his eyes the sinister calculating glance which had illumined them. "He might have proposed to them to row as far away from the Doric as possible so as to re-main in the open sea on the chance of being picked up by a returning vessel in the morning. It was a big thing to possess a boat, and the plan, while risky and dangerous, was at least feasible. By Heaven, I think that is the explanation. Wade is not dead, and he secured their co-operation by offering to share the treasure with them. Perhaps by now they have secured the opals. What do you think?"

"I think you are quite wrong in everything but that my father and Mr. Anson have been rescued. That I be-lieve, but I believe poor Mr. Wade is dead. Mr. Anson is wealthy and would not be tempted to such a course even by the offer of a fortune, and not for anything in the world would my father cause me such agony of anxiety as I have gone through."

"Well, well," said Durand smiling, his excitement having evaporated as quickly as it had arisen. "I am glad, at any rate, that you are convinced of their safety. I am equally convinced that you have yet to learn the great influence of wealth and what men will go through to acquire it."

Estelle was greatly reassured by this conversation, although it considerably lowered Durand in her opinion. It was no longer merely an undefinable distrust of him which filled her, but she was unspeakably disgusted by the unmistakable cupidity and greed which inspired his thoughts. Instinctively she felt that he was madly jealous of the fact, which seemed to have taken possession of him, that her father and Anson were on the track of the opals. It was impossible not to perceive that he looked on this as a species of good fortune which placed them in a posi-tion of advantage over himself.

This led her very largely to discount a statement he made to her the fol-lowing day which was evidently in-tended to impress her with the notion that he was most disinterestedly de-voted to her service. This was that he had made up his mind to disem-bark at the next port and return to Port Lyttleton.

"I am certain I shall have news of them there," said he, "and you may rely on my letting you know every-thing as soon as possible."

Estelle thanked him, but with her ready woman's wit she could not re frain from pointing out the weakness of his position.

"It will," said she, "be largely un-necessary, although I greatly appre-ciate your kindness, because if my father and Mr. Anson are, as I pray and hope, rescued, they will communi-cate with me direct."

However, as our readers are aware, a cablegram was awaiting the Doric which put an end to suspense, and it was with a sincere feeling of thankful-ness that she accepted his offer to re-turn to Sydney where they were.

(To Be Continued)

TONIO
SON OF THE SIERRAS

A STORY OF THE APACHE WAR

By General Charles King

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A strange tribunal was this—"a method of procedure," as the acting judge advocate of this distant depart-ment took frequent occasion to tell us when the general wasn't around, "that would seem to have no warrant in law." Something to this effect being suggested to the general by the chief of the department staff, who went on to say that he supposed it was a case of "Inter arma silent leges," the gen-eral's beard, which hid his mounth, was observed to twitch, and the wrin-kles at the corner of his steely-blue eyes followed suit. It was a way of his when trying not to smile. Then Bright was heard to say that where the laws were silent, wise lawyers shuld be likewise, an epigram which long-legged Lieutenant Blake, of Camp Mc-Dowell, was delightedly and explosive-ly repeating for the benefit of certain of the ladies looking on from among the cedars, even as 'Tonio appeared Then no crier was needed to proclaim silence and declare this honorable court now open. Blake had come to Prescott ruefully expectant of official displeasure, and found it, so far as the chief of staff was concerned. But the general's greeting had been so cordial and kind that "Legs" took heart in-stanter. There was evidently some-thing behind it.

Mrs. Crook had marshaled her forces early that brilliant morning. Camp chairs and rugs had been sent down to the cedars, and with two of her favorites, Blake and Ray, in at-tendance, she and her guests from Camp Almy were seated where they could watch the proceedings and al-most hear what was said. Many a curious glance was leveled in their di-rection, for by Mrs. Stannard's side sat Lilian Archer, pale almost as a calla, and rarely smiling or speaking, but, as all Fort Whipple could see, she was there, whereas Evelyn Darrah had not been out since the night of the dance. The colonel had explained, as he was probably bidden, that Evvy had contracted a severe cold, and her mother could not leave her. At least, said certain eager spectators, Willett must now be here, "for he is back from McDowell, or wherever he went." But even in this there was disappoint-ment. The general had looked to that. Willett's accusation against the chief-tain had been reduced to writing. It had all been carefully translated to 'Tonio, as had the reports of the post commanders of Camps Almy and Mc-Dowell. No further allegations had been, or were to be, made. With his witnesses in readiness, 'Tonio stood before the Great White Chief, the only man, save one, perhaps, to whom he would deign full explanation.

And now, with the agency inter-preter at his left and the agent him-self seated among the officials, an eager and nervous listener, 'Tonio strode forward a pace or two, halted, looked calmly round upon the circle of expectant faces, then, the observed of every eye, the object of ab-sorbed attention, with occasional use of a Spanish phrase, but, as a rule, speaking only in the dialect of the Apache, the tall chieftain began. With every few words he would pause, that the interpreter might repeat. It would be difficult, indeed, to translate his exact words or to portray their effect. To imitate the simple dignity of the aging warrior would be in itself a triumph of dramatic art.

"My father has told me of the lies against my people—and me. My people are not many now, and we are poor, often hungry and homeless, and our hearts are sore. We believed the prom-ise of our father and we strove to obey him, but while he was gone, and we knew not where to find him, others came, un-like him. Our enemies, the Tontos, were many and strong. Their agent gave them much meat and bread, but my peo-ple were denied. The Tontos jeered at them; their young braves taunted ours, and our young women were afraid. The Tontos killed our white brothers and burned their homes, and said it was we. Then the soldiers came to arrest Comes Flying, and Comes Flying was killed, and my people fled far in among the Red Rocks. They had done no wrong, but they were afraid. Then the Tontos killed our white brother, Bennett, al-ways our friend, and burned his house and carried away his wife and children. Our young men were few, but they fol-lowed and fought the Tontos and got the woman and her little ones and tried to hide them away among the rocks until white soldiers could come, but there came more Tontos. They were too many, and they kept between the soldiers and Comes Flying's band. They killed two of our young men and got the woman once more, and then my young chief, Capitan Chi-quito, followed, with only the braves you count on one hand, but he caught the Tontos and rescued the woman, and was shot. Gran Capitan Stannard brings me, and all his soldiers, and follows after the Tontos, but it was Capitan Chiquito who first reached her, and who would have saved her and her babies in their hiding place, only he was held back—held back—" and with his head high and his black eyes sweeping the circle, 'Tonio stood and glared about him in search of an absent accuser. Then, with appeal in his gaze, he turned once more to the gen-eral.

"It is as 'Tonio says," answered Crook, with grave inclination of the head. "His brother chief, Captain Stannard, sustains him. Is it not so, Stannard?"

"Every word of it, sir!" was the blunt reply, as Stannard rose from his seat. "We found two Apache-Mohaves killed. We chased the Tontos into the moun-tains. Lieutenant Harris and 'Tonio, with Apache-Mohave scouts, rescued Mrs. Bennett, and led us." Whereat Archer's sad

plan only just in time. They were in hiding among the rocks beyond the ridge, with only one or two in sight before them. He was galloping straight into their trap. There was just one way to save him and be true to our pledge to the Great Father. I shot to kill his horse, not him. My rifle would have carried just as true had it been aimed at his heart. He who struck me at the ranch—and denounced me here—owes his life to 'Tonio."

In the dramatic pause that followed a murmur of sympathy and admiration, irrepressible, flew from lip to lip. He noted it, but gave no sign.

"The young white chief says again I shot or sought to kill him that night at the ford. Again I could have done so, and again I sought to save. He was my enemy. He was"—and here, with affection all could see, the glittering eyes seemed to soften as they turned on Harris, sitting pale, silent and observant—"the enemy of this my brother and my friend. I would no longer go within the soldier lines. In spite of what I had done the white-haired chief ordered his soldiers to kill me or take me prisoner. They could not find me, but I tried to warn my brother there was trouble—they would kill his brother chief, then there would be fearful war, but my brother was wounded still and could not come.

"Then the young stranger chief was lured out again by Sanchez—his people and mine. They swear to me they did not kill him—that the white man, Case, did that. He, too, hated him. But Sanchez lied to me. He promised to take back the pistol my people found the night I shot his horse, and he never did, nor messages I sent. So I know not who fired the shot, who clubbed him, but Sanchez had that pistol—Sanchez lied to me! I was not that night so near as the Picacho, and when the soldiers came to find me I went farther, with two of my people. We met the Great Chief's couriers. We met more Tontos. We fought them back and I was wounded. They took me to McDowell, and no man was unkind until the night they put me in the iron cell with Sanchez, and he told me I should never see the Great Chief, my father; that I should hang for shooting the white chief, Willett. When I slept he was there. When I awakened he was gone, and the iron bars were gone. I went out into the night—into the mountains—until I found my young chief. Then the truth was told me. Then we followed, and found Sanchez. Then my people heard the story and helped me find the way to the cave where the boys were hidden. The Great Spirit of my fathers knows I have never broken my promise. That is all that 'Tonio can say. I have spoken."

And then as he finished and the last word had been translated, all in language far less vivid than his native tongue, all men seemed to breathe a sigh of relief and seek instinctively to rise and gather about him. The general slowly found his feet, rose to his full height, stepped straightway forward to where the Indian stood, placed his left hand on the gaunt and bony shoulder, and with his ungloved right seized and grasped and held that of the elder chieftain, his own eyes twinkling, moistening, as he spoke.

"'Tonio—Brother—the Great Father shall know, and if I live, all his people shall know, how deeply you have suffered, how truly you have stood our friend."

And then, still clasping the warrior's hand, Crook turned to his officers, for by this time every man was on his feet, every eye was again upon them, every face lighted with interest, and many with emotion. Silently the general glanced about him, and at his signal Archer came forward, his handsome old head bared, his fine eyes filling. At his approach the commander drew back a step, releasing 'Tonio's hand. Then the soldier who but a fortnight back had sought to prison, possibly to kill, this soldier of the desert and the mountain, following his superior's lead, held forth his hand, a thinned and trembling one, yet the clasp in which it took that sinewy brown one was one an Indian could never doubt. Looking straight into 'Tonio's fearless eyes, the veteran spoke: "'Tonio—Brother—I did you wrong. I beg your pardon and I ask your friendship."

For a moment, silence, then, for answer came but the single word:

"Hermano."

When presently hands unclasped and others began to gather about him, it was seen as Stannard came forward he had linked his arm in that of Harris, and would not be denied. The general caught sight of them, and a smile like sunshine lighted up his beaming face. "That's right, Stannard. This way, Capitain Chiquito! We all want you." And then, though by dozens now—officers, agent, interpreter and territorial officials—they were swarming about the impassive central figure, they gave way right and left that the two friends might meet, and 'Tonio, turning from Archer's handclasp, saw his young champion and leader, and the stern, dark features melted, the bold, fearless, challenging eyes softened on the instant. He would have sprung forward to some act of Indian homage, but Harris was too quick and checked him. Their eyes met. Then both hands—all four hands—went out at once.

It was at this juncture, as certain of the department staff began to bethink themselves of important duties awaiting them at their offices, that the Sanchez half-brothers, 'Patchie and Jose, both shackled. There was Munoz, similarly decked. There slouched Dago, unfettered, but carefully watched. There were two more of the riff-raff of the redoubtable ghost ranch, and two of the victims of the more skillful play, and potent doping, of the proprietors. All were under surveillance, several under charges, but where was Case?

It was Blackbeard who answered that question at five o'clock, when, from the post ambulance, he and Bright sprang forth, and presently aided to alight a very solemn-looking civilian, shaved, dressed and groomed with extreme care, but for pallor and nervousness, a reputable-looking criminal—Case. Accused with assault with attempt to kill, the bookkeeper, none the less, had been taken in charge by officers of the army, with the entire consent of the officers of the law, and Sanchez the elder, Jose, that is, weakened at the sight of him. He was sober and clothed in his right mind, as Wickham meant he should be. Moreover, he looked no longer afraid. Case had met his master at the game of bluff, and now, with nothing left to hope, had nothing left to dread.

Short work the sheriff made of the matter in hand. There had been a killing down on the Agua Fria, and the killer was still at large. Here was only a bungling attempt to kill, and everybody concerned was at hand.

"Case," said he shortly, "when you were brought here you swore it was 'Tonio who shot Lieutenant Willett."

"I didn't swear," said Case. "I stated; but either would have been wrong. I said it when myself accused and when I had been drinking. I am ready to tell everything I know."

"Then wait a moment," answered the official, turning to a deputy, who pulled at an inner door, and said. "This way, gentlemen," whereat everybody filed out into the corral where there was far more room, and where presently they were joined by the agent and his interpreter, by a little group of officers, Stannard, Strong and Willett—the latter very pale and weary looking. A moment later the gateway swung open and in walked Harris, with 'Tonio by his side and two tribesmen following. The gate was quickly closed in the face of an eager knot of townspeople, but at sight of the assembled party the Sanchez brothers cowered still farther back beneath the shelter, and the sheriff ordered Jose out into the light. He came, yellow-white, and cringing.

"You said, first, that 'Tonio shot that man," and the sheriff pointed to Willett. "Did you lie?"

"Si," gulped the Mexican.

"Then who did it?"

Jose shrank. His eyes furtively, quickly swept the group, then fell again.

"You said Case—this man," said the sheriff, with a hand on Case's shoulder. "Did you lie again?"

"He—he shoot, an' run away."

"You lie, three times! Only one shot was fired and that from your own pistol. Here it is! Case never had it, for all you swore to it."

"Munoz saw him—shoot!"

"That so, Munoz? Come out here!" and a deputy collared and thrust him forth.

"Si; Case," answered Munoz miserably.

And then at last the dago broke bounds. All the pent-up hatred of the months boiled over in his heart. All the fear vanished in presence of these supporters and at sight of these now abject bullies. Out he sprang, all vehement denunciation:

"Lie!" said he—"lie! Munoz hit! —Sanchez shoot! All try kill. Then run—run, for soldiers come!"

It was then that Lieutenant Willett stepped forward and interposed.

"Mr. Sheriff," said he, "whatever my earlier opinion on the subject, I know more now. I know it was not 'Tonio. I believe it was not this—this gentleman—Mr. Case. If you will favor me a moment I can make it clear to you, but"—and here the heavily lashed, mournful brown eyes sought the group of Mexicans—"I should hold—those fellows."

And so, once more within the little office, Willett briefly told his tale. There were present Wickham, Bright and Harris, the sheriff and one deputy. "I should be glad to have you call in Mr. Case," said he. So Case was summoned and came and took a chair by the chimney and bowed his head upon his hands.

"There had been a card transaction," said Willett. I owed Mr. Case three hundred dollars, and he or his friends thought I was going to leave without settling. He sent me a note saying he wished to see me. It was midnight before I could go down. He had left the office, but hailed me from the window of Craney's shack. We met near the ford, had words, and I struck him—struck him twice, knocking him down, and then his friends, or followers, as I supposed, pitched upon me. I surely saw one Indian, and, knowing 'Tonio's grievance, and being warned against him, that was the last idea I had, as I was knocked senseless. Mr. Sheriff, I refuse to enter any complaint against Mr. Case. He is—entirely blameless."

"That seems to let you out, Case," said the sheriff sententiously, but the bookkeeper never raised his head.

"Is there anything I else I can say—or do?" asked Willett, holding his natty forage-cap at the side of his head. "It should be done now, for—I am to leave here—tonight."

It was then Case's turn. In an instant he was on his feet.

"Going?" he demanded, a strange, hungry look in his eyes. "I'm not yet free, and I've got to speak with you."

"There is no need," said Willett gravely. "I know."

"You mean?—you heard——?"

"My letters have told me—everything," was the quiet answer.

"And you are going?"

"Back to Portland—and to—"

With that he would have turned, but Case sprang forward. There was perceptible start among the lookers-on. It might mean another attempt. The sheriff seized him, but Case, with feverish strength, shook himself loose, and Willett turned back, faced him, and waited for him to speak. It was a moment before Case could find breath, then came the words:

"My God, man! Will you give me your word—your hand—on that?"

For all answer Willett drew off the dainty glove of white lisle thread, took the outstretched hand of Case, wrung it, and turned in silence from the room.

There were men who mounted and rode with him a mile or more that night, and came back silent and sorrowing, yet thinking better of Hal Willett than any of their number had ever thought before.

"He has gone to do the one square thing that's left him," said Old Stannard, as the buckboard whirled away, "and his resignation goes with him."

L'ENVOI.

That was many a long year ago, and for many a month thereafter men and women at Whipple and Sandy, McDowell and Almy would talk for hours about Willett, his strange character, his broken career. It was not long before the truth, the whole truth, was known. Case for a time would not return to Almy. He found some work to keep him busy at Prescott, and would have had to do no work at all, said the agent of the Wells-Fargo, "if he'd kept his money, but he sent every cent of four hundred dollars to somebody up at Portland." He was forever on the lookout for the coming of the buckboard with the mail—we had no telegraph until '74—and his excitement over the receipt of certain letters and newspapers, along in mid-February, was something not soon to be forgotten. He had been sober and solemn as an anchorite for over six long weeks, and this night, to the joy of the gamblers in the Alcazar, insisted on "setting 'em up" for all hands, soldier and civilian; then to their amaze, insisted further on their drinking to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Willett, by gad! "for he's a square man at last."

And the news lacked no confirmation at the barracks. There came a missive to Wickham; there was a message to the general; there was a very earnest message to 'Tonio: there was even a letter in Willett's hand to Evelyn Darrah. No one ever saw its contents save the girl to whom it was addressed, but there came nothing to be forwarded to the Archers at Camp Almy. From that night among the cedars Lilian never again saw Harold Willett. It was a pitifully insignificant little packet of letters the young officer found on his desk the morning of his return from the Hassayampa road. It contained only the pages he had penned to his Lily of the Desert. The earlier ones were fond, endearing, sweet as girl could ask, and had been rapturously welcomed, read and reread, kissed and fondled and treasured. The later ones were hurried, perfunctory, full of excuses, full, alas! of lies that he knew and that he hated himself for writing. There was not so much as a line from her, nor was one needed. Between the few words spoken by his general in the darkness of the veranda and that one conference with Wickham, Willett knew exactly what he had to face. Just as it had dawned upon him that breathless night at Almy, when the ravings of the Irish deserter told him that his sin had followed and had found him out, he realized here at Whipple that all was known and, for him, all was over. He had burned in vain the burning and accusing letters that poor girl in Portland had written him. Her mother at last, learning everything, had written to Crook, and, through Wickham, who had investigated both Case and the deserter Dooley, Willett received his conge. There should be no public break. It was to be announced that at his own request Lieutenant Willett stood relieved from duty as aide-de-camp to the department commander, and would proceed to rejoin his regiment in the department of the Columbia; but even Wickham started with surprise and incredulity when, accompanying this application, at the close of 'Tonio's dramatic trial, Willett gravely handed him another paper—his resignation as an officer of the army.

"I do not understand this as—demanded," said Blackbeard, looking quickly into Willett's pallid face.

"You will, when you remember that my wife—and child—would hardly be acceptable in army circles," was the quiet reply.

"You mean—you are going at once to marry her?"

"What else should I do?" said Willett.

And this it was that explained his unlooked-for escort beyond the borders of the little reservation, Stannard's words of commendation, and Case's ebullition at the Alcazar.

Case had not many more. Craney coaxed him back to Almy after awhile, where every one from Archer down to the drum boys showed him many a kindness, and where from time to time he received letters that seemed to bring him comfort, in spite of the fact that Bonner, Bucketts and even gruff old Stannard, when they spoke of it at all, were given to saying that there was little happiness in store for the poor girl at Portland, for Willett was not made of the stuff that kept man faithful long to any one woman. It was rumored for awhile that the little family, having moved northward to one of the booming settlements on the Sound, were living in poverty and seclusion, Willett's wealthy kindred in the east scorning him, as was to be expected, for the mesalliance and for his abandonment of the profession he was expected to adorn. But the embryo "Smart Set" and the tried old Service had little in common, at best. It was in the employ of the engineer corps that Willett found means to keep the wolf from the door, and the girl was happier longer than most people would have believed possible, for it was full three years before Willett's father died, and, relenting, willed him prosperity. Some time after that there came a tale of Evelyn Darrah, but, as the best authority would say, "that's another story."

With Case, however, life seemed to have lost its inspiration. He wandered more and more from the paths of rectitude to those which meandered through the willows and the old ghost walk. The firm of Sanchez y Munoz had gone to seed, the ranch to ashes, and the individual members to jail. Dago had accompanied Mrs. Bennett and the growing babies to her brother's ranch on the Agua Fria. The Indians had been gathered to their reservations, and 'Tonio, with Lieutenant Harris, has been assigned to service under the eye of the Great Chief himself. A new post, a big post, was projected nearer the reservation. It was rumored that Almy would then be abandoned and Case would not have even the ghost walk for his solitary moonings when the whisky spell was on him, and the spells, though no more frequent, as the Scotchman would have it, were of longer duration. He had taken strongly, not strangely, to Stannard and his gentle wife, and it was to them he told at last the story of his troubles, and through them, long years after, it became known.

He was doing well in Portland, had fallen deeply in love with, and was engaged to, as pretty a girl as ever was seen, good and gentle, too; but she was young, the belle of her set, a beautiful dancer, and Case could not dance. She loved gayety, pleasure, music, and in those days they picnicked over to Vancouver, and danced in a big barrack to the stirring strains of the band of the Lost and Strayed, and why shouldn't the Portland girls love to dance with the young officers? Why shouldn't Estelle enjoy dancing with such finished performers and partners? There was one at that time who outclassed them all, and in an evil day they met. It wasn't long before her fascination became infatuation, and either there or in Portland, or somewhere, they were forever meeting. It was not long before Case saw his world swept from before his eyes. He did his best with her, with her mother and friends, but she told him flatly that she loved Lieutenant Willett and would be no man's wife but his. That clinched Case's downfall—and hers, but not until after Case saw Willett at Camp Almy, and her mother's letters, and hers, began again to come, did he learn the worst. Then came Willett's devotions to Archer's gentle little daughter, and the rage within his soul overmastered him. He would not—he could not—bear to tell of Estelle's shame. He dare not, he owned it, oppose himself man to man, physically, to Willett, but he burned with desire for revenge. Sanchez and his kind were willing tools. Ramon and Alvarez, they told him, were thirsting for Willett's blood. It would be easy enough to shoulder it all on 'Tonio if the worst came to the worst. Sanchez had Case deep in his debt, for monte had fascinated him when in liquor. They did not know Willett had left with Craney payment in full for their financial differences. They insisted on his seeing Willett and making him pay before he left the post. Dago had the run of the garrison, and Dago took the few lines that told Willett if he was a man to come down to the ghost walk and settle, dollar for dollar, man to man, or the story of his Portland days should be told the Archers. Sanchez, Munoz and the two Apache-Mohaves were lurking there across the stream. Case watched for him from the rear window, saw him, and in spite of the doctor's precaution, counteracted by the whisky he had hidden in an inner pocket, he slipped out in his stocking feet, took the path to the ford, and there met Willett face to face. It was all so easy. Sanchez knew 'Tonio was near, grieving that no answer came from Harris, signaling for a talk, ignorant of the fact that Sanchez had delivered neither the revolver nor the message. Case had with him only his knife, for he knew his confederates would be at hand. He vowed he did not know that they were bringing Ramon and Alvarez. Raging with jealousy, hate, desire for vengeance, and nerved by liquor, he had demanded his money. Willett contemptuously bade him seek it of his employer, and asked him how he dare doubt a gentleman, whereat, in a fury, Case told him, or started to tell him why, and was knocked flat in a second. He sprang up, knife in hand, and rushed upon him a second time, only to be floored again, and the knife sent spinning. Willett seized it, and was standing over him, panting a bit, when felled by a crashing blow with a pistol-butt at the base of the skull. Then in terror Case fled the way he came, for he saw both Indians and Mexicans were on him, realized that murder was meant, and knew he would be involved unless he could instantly get back to his bed. Willett made a desperate fight, wounded Ramon, and might have killed him but for the timely shot from the pistol of Jose. Case heard it, and the cry for help as he ran. So quick was the response of the sentry and the guard that the assailants, too, fled in fear, leaving their work unfinished. They had no fear of their drugged countrymen at the ranch. They were ready to help the soldiers hunt the Indians, and did, but Jose had dropped the old navy colt at the ford. They bought Dago's silence for awhile, for he, too, hated Willett, and it was so easy to charge the crime to 'Tonio. But, when they fell out among themselves, and the pistol was found, and then Case was accused, Dago let loose on Munoz, and the secret of the attempted murder was out.

For a time thereafter Case felt dazed, benumbed; but, as Willett recovered, he took courage again, and more drink, and tried to shoot his worthless head off, he said, when they came to arrest him. But when he heard of Willett's doings at Prescott, and had been openly taunted by Dooley, he determined to lose his life another way, if need be, in bringing Willett to justice. He told it all to Wickham, and was amazed, yes, amazed at the result. He never dreamed that Willett at the eleventh hour would go to Estelle and make the only amend in his power.

For that matter, neither did any one else cognizant of the fact, especially Harris, who, having been the unwilling recipient of all poor Eastern Stella's confidences in the past, believed Willett still haunted by memories of her, and knew not this new and innocent and confiding Star of the West. He had his own sorrows to bear, and his heart was bitter within him at sight of the woe in the sweet blue eyes of the girl who speedily went back to Almy, without ever having opened her heart to a soul except that devoted mother.

While Evelyn Darrah kept her room as much as a week after Willett's going, it was a wonderful fact that, during a visit of four days, Lilian Archer appeared in public with her father, rode, drove, played croquet, though she managed to avoid two dinners and a dance. She was very quiet, it is true. "She never did shine in society," said the Prime girls. But, under all this silence and fortitude, and the access of tenderness with which she clung to her father, Mrs. Stannard and others saw how near the little heart was to breaking, and there grew up among the exiles a feeling of love and admiration for this uncomplaining child, so suddenly grown old, that outlived the lives of most of them, for it has come down to those who, in the fulness of time, stepped into their places. They are gone now, nearly all—our bearded general and his beloved Mary, gruff old Stannard and his wise and winsome wife. Bright, Bonner, Bucketts, grim-visaged Turner, white-haired, noble Archer and his fond and cherished Bella, even Willett, but not, thank God, until better and brighter days had dawned on most of them, and of one of these days, and of 'Tonio, there is yet this to tell.

There had been a year in which the Archers took their little girl abroad. The old regiment had been ordered to an eastern station, and the change was welcome, for with all her bravery, and despite their fondest care, she drooped in Arizona, and there came a longed-for opportunity they could not neglect. They were many moons away; they were for a time at regimental headquarters on their return, and then, in days when nothing was so rare as advancement, came Archer's promotion to the colonelcy of the very regiment that had taken the stations of their former friends in Arizona. In a little less than two years from that eventful night among the cedars, the Archers, three, were once more welcomed to the general's roof, escorted the last ten miles of the dusty stage ride from the desert by Harris, whose letters to the general or to Mrs. Archer had been regular as the fortnightly mail. With the morrow he and 'Tonio were on hand to hail them, looking fit and spare and sinewy as ever they had of old, for these were strenuous days and stirring times in the Apache-haunted mountains—the Tontos had broken faith and were again afield.

Camp Sandy on the Verde was the center of the storm. Pelham and his cavalry had just been sent to other climes, marching overland to "the Plains." Archer was needed at once in command of the district, and was speedily there established, and thither too went Crook, with Bright to write his orders and dispatches, with Harris and 'Tonio to head the scouts. Thither presently went Lilian and her mother. The post was large, the garrison ample. There was active service that their own white-haired general welcomed eagerly, for Crook meant to the full that his loyal old friend and supporter should have all the credit that the campaign might bring him. But campaigns conducted under telegraphic promptings from distant superiors were not the brisk and independent matters of a few years back. There were too many advisers within easy, if expensive, reaching distance—too many "Friends of the Indian," and far too few of the soldier, close in touch at court. Crook himself was looking vexed and worried. It is so hard to serve God and Mammon, to grapple with the foemen at the front, the press and the pulpit at the rear. At the very moment when he had the "hostiles" hemmed between converging columns and sure of capture, his hand was held by orders from the east. At the very moment when the warriors at the reservation should have been watched and guarded against exhorters from without, the latter got within, and a powerful band stampeded up the Red Rock country and were gone. The news reached Archer toward eleven, one winter's night, and at dawn he, in person, with Harris and 'Tonio and twenty scouts and barely thirty mounted men, was climbing the rugged trail from the head of the Beaver in pursuit, leaving Bella and Lilian, brave, silent, yet tearful, at the post.

It was nothing new, this going forth of veteran division and brigade commanders of the war days, with a handful of soldiery, to cope with a band of savages on their chosen ground. Barely two years before the Modocs had asked for a talk with the general commanding and killed him. Only the year previous the Cheyennes lured out a lieutenant-colonel, with but a lieutenant's command, and picked him off. And so, two nights later, there was weeping at old Sandy, for a runner was in long hours after sundown with the tidings that there had been a sharp and sudden skirmish among the rocks, that brave old Archer had been the first to fall, and that 'Tonio had been desperately wounded in the effort to save the veteran's life.

They started them homeward within the week, Archer calm, conscious, suffering much, but, as the skilled surgeons told the wife and daughter who had rested not until they reached him, with good hope of recovery. It was 'Tonio for whom they felt the keenest apprehension. 'Tonio had received a bullet meant for the soldier who had once decreed his death, and Archer's anguish was more for him. With them, on the slow homeward way around by the old Wingate road, was Harris, sleepless from anxiety and distress, watching night and day by the side of his two heroes, filling all with wonderment at his endurance; and with Harris, much of the time, by the side of both father and father's self-devoted savior, was Lilian.

They brought them back to Sandy. They nursed the general back to life and partial strength. But age and wounds and sorrows all had told on the Mohave chieftain, and slowly he sank, despite their every effort and the doctor's skill. They had pitched a little tent fly for him—he would not be borne within doors—and shaded it with brush and willow, yet left the southern view open so that he could look out upon the broad valley and see the shadows of the mountains steal across it as the sun went westering. He seemed to love to watch the morning flame on the bald summit of the huge peak so close at hand; it made him think of the Picacho about whose base he had sported as a boy. He seemed to love to see Ramon and Pancha hovering ever about him. He would look at them, take their hands, then place their hands together and hold them between his own. But most of all he loved to see Harris bending over him, moving about him, and when Lilian came and gave him drink and touched his fevered head, his glittering eyes would soften and follow her with such a world of wistfulness as though they would speak the longing of his heart. Then he would look from her to Harris, and from Harris back to her, in a way that sent the blushes surging to her forehead, and the sight of those blushes set that young soldier's heart to bounding.

One beautiful afternoon, when the sun was slanting low and the great dome of the peak was agleam with crimson and with gold, they were gathered about his shelter, for the spirit had been wandering and his strength was almost gone. Without the canvas, their women weeping with Pancha, their young men silent and sad, a group of the old band hovered along the slope of the low mesa. It was thought he could hardly survive the night, and with the sinking of the sun his mind seemed clouding more, and he called, over and over, for "Chiquito," who knelt there clinging to his hand. Even Archer had come, leaning heavily upon his crutches, and Bella, his wife, and Lilian—Lilian upon whom the dying eyes rested again and again. 'Tonio was now too weak to lift a hand; he could not signal; but something in his gaze seemed to call her to him irresistibly. He was breathing with such difficulty that the surgeon, bending over him on the other side of the pallet, slipped an arm beneath his shoulders, Harris from his side aiding, and together they slowly raised him almost to a sitting posture, his weary head resting on "Chiquito's" shoulder. But the eyes still sought Lilian, and Archer, watching, murmured to her, "Go."

To take his other hand, feebly plucking at the light coverlet, she had to kneel so close to Harris that he could feel the swift throbbing of her heart against his arm, and 'Tonio, looking now into the two young faces so near together, so close to his own, began with all his remaining strength slowly drawing her little white hand toward the lean and sinewy fingers that clasped his right, whereat her bonny head drooped lower, her bosom heaved; she seemed at once to read his purpose, and, with the instinct of the maiden, to gently resist. But the almost instant reproach and pleading in the fading eyes melted and unnerved her. Harris, too, had seen, and noted, and understood, and his own heart, through all its sorrowing, was beating vehemently; his own right hand, without releasing 'Tonio's, crept forth in search of hers, and presently, trembling, but resisting no longer, the lily-white, slender fingers lay softly within the young soldier's clasp, and a big, hot tear fell upon the back of the brown and withered hand that, almost pulseless, drooped upon them both as though in benediction.

Overcome with emotion, Mrs. Archer, watching, breathless, drooped her head upon her husband's shoulder and sobbed convulsively. The last brilliant, dazzling beams of the dying day had lifted from the crest of the huge dome that shut the valley, and left it dark and sombre; and 'Tonio's eyes, turning upon it for the last time, seemed to note the change; and the flitting spirit, wandering back to the old, old boyish days, and the legends of his people, spoke once more. The gathering darkness, the plash upon his hand, the resemblance to the mountain that guarded his babyhood and youth, all probably had worked their spell, for the pallid lips began to move, and in the silence of the lowering night a few words in his native tongue were faintly heard, and hot tears gushed from the eyes of his young chief, friend and brother, as, in answer to the doctor's quick, questioning glance, Harris brokenly murmured the translation:

"When the Picacho hides his head in the clouds, then will there be rain."

And the clouds had lowered, and the day was done, and there was rain of tears from even soldier eyes for 'Tonio—Son of the Sierras.

THE END.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

IS THE WORLD THROUGH WITH THE CHURCH?

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 4 is, "The Tabernacle," Ex. 40:1-13, 34-18—The Golden Text is "Then a Cloud Covered the Tent of the Congregation, and the Glory of the Lord Filled the Tabernacle," Ex. 40:34.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Religion in summertime has of late years betaken itself to tents and woods and street corners. Philadelphia and New York are conspicuous instances of the tendency to take the gospel out of the church to the places where the people gather. Summer evangelistic work, of a type entirely different from the normal church methods, has become quite an established feature of the day's religious effort. In Philadelphia, Sunday services are held in one of the music pavilions in Fairmount park; and for a time meetings were conducted, after the regular performances, in certain of the amusement resorts. Theatre meetings are common all over the continent; sometimes the preaching immediately following the play, and to the same audience.

As news, all this is interesting. It shows how greatly times have changed. It indicates that the church is less sure of herself and her methods than she once was; and it betokens a remarkable adaptability on her part. Moreover, it is a confession of failure somewhere; people are not coming to the church in her establishments; therefore the church is willing to make great concessions in order to go to the people. There are many who rejoice that Christianity pursues men into the workshop, the playhouse, the barroom, the brothel, the open air, and wherever they may go for diversion.

What Is to Become of the Church?

When followed to its logical conclusion, however, this movement suggests some startling possibilities. Is the church of the next generation to be a Salvation Army street parade, following men into all their haunts of pleasure and sin? Is it to be an elaborate organization for social service and applied Christianity, with soup kitchen, concert hall, gymnasium, school room, dance hall and employment agency attachments? Must the minister become a modern administrator, seated in an office chair, between a telephone and a card catalogue? In a word, is it so important to follow, insistently and underlined, the man who turns his back upon the church and her historic ordinances, that the essential characteristics of the church shall be lost?

The timeliness of these considerations lies in the fact that the Sunday schools of Christendom are to apply themselves this week to a study of the tabernacle, the first visible church building. This implies a frank, present-day consideration of the place and character of the institution which is the logical successor of the tabernacle, the organized Christian church, with her pleasure in worship. Quite beside the mark would be any attempt to study, exhaustively, the various patterns and furnishings of the old tabernacle, giving to each some spiritualized meaning. Nor is it worth while to follow very closely the development of the tabernacle through the successive temples and synagogues. This is the year 1907; the important question is whether there is a place today for the tabernacle's successor.

Making Religion Vague.

A week's reading of the current prints, both secular and religious, shows that there are numerous advocates of diluted religion who have scant time or respect for the old-fashioned institutions of Christianity. They claim to be able to worship God best in the open air; and to find an elastic creed of "human brotherhood" better than all the formulated doctrines and ordinances of the churches. They want preachers to be practical; meaning secular; and they would have religious thought so "liberal" that it would give away all the positions it has attained through the slow process of the years, and stand for nothing at all that is positive.

Some who talk is sincere, and is uttered by men and women who are earnestly seeking the highest cultivation of their own spirits and the greatest possible service of their fellow men. Much of it, though, is mere twaddle, reverberating from human echoes who have neither the intellectual strength nor the moral purpose to give serious consideration to the big themes of religion. These "smart" moderns substitute sneers for sensibleness; they dare to scoff at giants like Augustine, Calvin, Luther and Wesley, only because, though pigmies themselves, they are heirs of the spiritual and intellectual liberty which these and kindred leaders won for them.

The easiest, cheapest and most popular form of courage is to utter flings at the church and her ways; yet the church, be it remembered, is still, as she ever has been, the greatest benefactor of the human race. As the mother of education, the fostering patron of art, the inspirer of invention and discovery, and the servant of the poor and the oppressed, the church can command only respect from all men who think soberly, even though they find themselves not in agreement with her.

The Tent at the Center.

An emasculated religion—with no obligations, no services, no offerings, no claims upon time and labor, no visible centers or ordinances, no priests and no government—would speedily become a vague and ineffective and decadent religion. Jehovah understands human nature, for he made it. Thus he decreed the tabernacle as a point about which worship of himself should center. This tabernacle was constructed according to minute instructions given by himself; for that which affects the relationship of man with his Creator should not be left to chance and hap. Orderliness, richness, ceremoniousness, excellence and symbolism all characterized this tent which was the first house of God upon earth. The entire scheme was designed to awaken awe and reverence in the minds of the worshipers. These unstable and irreverent Israelites needed to have ever before them indications of the majesty, awfulness and authority of Jehovah. All of the rich symbolism of the tabernacle, from the texture of the cloth to the gold of the mercy seat, was calculated to remind the people that the best belongs to God.

This same place is filled by the modern church. It is a visible reminder of the invisible verities of faith. It is the focal point about which devotion and activity rally. Its spires ever point upward to the realities which are more important than the actualities of earthly existence. It is also a symbol of aspiration, telling to all who can understand that there are near men and women who care for the things of the spirit and who seek after the upward-looking life. Furthermore, it is a shelter for the soul-worn and heart-hungry; a haven of rest for those whom the cruel storms of the world have bruised. So it conserves the spiritual energies and cultivates them in regular ways. A religion of the spirit is bound to express itself in forms.

The Cathedral's Mission.

Anyone who has wandered reverently through the spacious aisles of St. Peter's cathedral, in Rome, or Westminster Abbey, in London, cannot doubt the influence that these and all similar temples of religion have exerted upon the people. Their very atmosphere promotes reverence. Through all the dark days of the Middle Ages the cathedrals stood as tokens of the steadfastness and enduring pre-eminence of religion. They were fulfilling the mission of the tabernacle.

The iconoclastic Puritans, with an austere conception of religion which nobody today considers a true conception, demolished, as far as possible, the beauty of the old churches. Had they more carefully observed the pattern shown to Moses in the mount they would have perceived that the best belongs to God; the best in art, as well as the best in character; the best in architecture, as well as the best in human service; the best in music, as well as the best in creative thinking. Whatever tends to set forth the supreme worthiness of Jehovah is to be cultivated.

Bishop Chadwick speaks a wise word in this connection, although he is writing, primarily, of the golden candlestick: "A lamp gives light, not because the gold shines, but because the oil burns; and yet the oil is the one thing which the eye sees not. And so the church is a witness for her Lord, a light shining in a dark place, not because of her learning or culture, her noble ritual, her stately buildings or her ample revenues. All these things her children, having the power, ought to dedicate. The ancient symbol put art and preciousness in an honorable place, worthily upholding the lamp itself; and in the New Testament the seven lamps of the Apocalypse were still of gold. But the true function of the lamp is to be luminous, and for this the church depends wholly upon her supply of grace from God the Holy Ghost. It is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'

When the church is such that the Eternal, present within her walls, she has a permanent place in the life of the race. No need is there for her to rush frantically hither and thither, calling to men like a distracted hen appealing to a wayward brood. She needs but to stand steadfastly to her first mission, and mankind, responding to its deep need of the divine, will resort to her for worship, rest, instruction and inspiration. There is always a place for the church that knows her place.

Home on Furlough

There are few young men who could accomplish as much for themselves at home as they can in the Navy. The young man who makes his first visit home on furlough from the Navy can hardly realize that he is the same person who joined the Navy but a short time before. The things he has seen and learned, the training he has received, have probably worked a wonderful improvement in his ability, appearance and value to himself. The

United States Navy

needs a large number of bright young American citizens between the ages of 17 and 35 years. The increasing number of vessels in the Navy gives splendid opportunity for rapid promotion to those who prove efficient.

Pay, $16.00 to $70.00 per month, including board, medical attendance, and clothing allowance at first enlistment. Special inducements and increased pay for re-enlistments.

Navy Recruiting Stations are located in various cities where candidates may apply in person. If not convenient to Recruiting Stations, full information of how and where to join the Navy can be had by writing.

Bureau of Navigation,
Navy Department, Box A B *Washington, D. C.*

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

What must I do for a cow whose udder is caked? Her calf is two months old.—C., Jonesville, Mich.

I have a mare that is quite lame in one front foot. The cords of the front leg between the knee and the pastern seem to be contracted to such an extent that she cannot step squarely on her foot; she can walk only by stepping on the toe. Will somebody who has had experience tell me what to do for her?—E., Hudsonville, Mich.

Can any Farmstead reader tell me how to clean hair mattresses? Can they be cleaned at home?—E., Gurnee, Illinois.

Will some reader of the Farmstead tell me how to make dill pickles?—D., Portland, O.

Would like to have somebody tell me if water is pure when it contains "water lice." What is the cause and how can I get rid of them? We have dipped out the water and put lime in the well without avail.—H., Arvery, Wisconsin.

Hog Worms.

Will someone tell me a quick and sure remedy for worms in hogs and pigs?—W., Whitmore Lake, Mich.

In reply to the above we print the following from L. L. Lewis, of the Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station:

There are a number of different kinds of worms found in the alimentary canal of the hog, but probably the one most commonly found is a large white worm varying in length from five to ten inches. This parasite is usually found in the small intestines. Other common parasites of the intestines include the thorn headed worm of the small intestines, the pinworm of the rectum, and the threadworm of the large intestines. The effect of large numbers of any of these parasites is to interfere very materially with the growth of the hog. Young hogs and pigs are injured to a greater extent than adults as they frequently become stunted to such a degree that it is difficult to get them to growing and thriving as they should.

Generally, no care is taken to prevent the hogs from becoming infected. One infected hog in the lot will, under ordinary circumstances, soon infect all of the hogs in the lot, as the principal means of spreading the infection is through the dirt of the feed lot and in the surface water that is frequently used for the hogs to drink and wallow in. The treatment for most of the intestinal worms is simple and generally very effective, there being a number of remedies available. The following are among the most common and effective of the remedies and the dose given is for each 100 pounds of live weight. Fluid extract of spigella and senna mixed in equal parts in half ounce doses twice or three times a day until purging takes place. The cedar apple may be ground up and given in thirty-grain doses three times a day for two days, and then followed by a physic. A mixture of powdered wormseed and arecanut in teaspoonful doses twice a day is recommended. Turpentine is probably the best general remedy to use. Give two teaspoonfuls in milk or a small amount of slop twice a day for two days. If a number of pigs are to be treated they should be divided into lots of five or ten and then given the medicine mixed with their feed. All of the remedies should be followed with a purgative, except where the remedy itself is a physic. For this purpose give an ounce of castor oil or linseed oil. A mixture of salt and ashes, kept in the lots where the pigs can get what they will eat of it, is a good remedy to use for preventing intestinal worms.

Corned Beef.

My way of corning beef is as follows: For 80 or 100 pounds of meat I take two pailfuls of water in a boiler and put on the stove to heat, and stir in about four pounds of common barrel salt. Test with a fresh egg, making it strong enough to almost but not quite float the egg; otherwise the egg will not be strong enough to bring the egg to the top. Put in two tablespoonfuls of saltpetre and two teacups of sugar or New Orleans molasses, or one of each. Let all come to the boiling point and skim well; if the weather is very cold pour on the meat boiling hot, otherwise let it get cold first. Weight, and never allow the least bit to stick up above the brine; watch it closely. In about two weeks little bubbles will begin to form into a scum. Take out the meat and boil the brine; keep it boiling; as heat skims as the scum arises, then cool it thoroughly and pour back over the meat. This is some trouble, but the meat is so good that it pays. If the white scum should rise the second or third time boil the brine as before.—W., Waterman, Ill.

Cabbage Worms.

R., Concord, N. H.: Put sulphur on your cabbage and the worms will disappear.—E., Gilreath, N. C.

I will say, in reply to R., of Concord, N. H., that my

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics.—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Henry Van Dyke.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell all you can about Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the clergyman and author? What city does he live in, and is he married or single?—H. S. S., Odin, Ill.

Henry Van Dyke was married in 1881 to Ellen Reid, of Baltimore. They have five chilren, and reside at Princeton, N. J. Dr. Van Dyke is an author and clergyman. He was born at Germantown, Pa., November 10, 1852. He was graduated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute at the age of sixteen, and, entering Princeton College the same year, he received the degree of A. B. with highest honors in 1873. While an undergraduate he was awarded the junior oration prize, the senior prize in English literature, was reception orator on class day, and delivered Latin salutatory and belles lettres oration at commencement. On completing the theological course in Princeton seminary in 1876 he was appointed to deliver the master's oration. He then went to Germany to pursue further studies in divinity at the University of Berlin, and on his return in 1878 became pastor of the United Congregational church, Newport, R. I., working there for four years, especially among the laboring classes. In 182 he accepted a call to the old Brick Presbyterian church at Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, New York. "This church was founded in 1767, but from importance had sunk to great depletions. Dr. Van Dyke at once began the work of upbuilding, and it speedily saw increased congregations and well organized missionary and benevolent activities. In addition to the arduous labors of this parish, which under his direction had assumed a leading position in the city, he found time to devote to a wide-reaching work among the young men and women of the American colleges."

Dr. Van Dyke's books on religion have had a wide circulation. In the secular field he has also done a large work. In 1884 he received the degree of D. D. from Princeton, in 1894 from Harvard, and in 1896 from Yale.

Lower Californla.

Editor Question Bureau: Please describe Lower California, physically and politically.—R. A. M., Corvallis, Ore.

Lower California is a territory of the Republic of Mexico. It is about 750 miles in length, and in different places 30, 60, 90 and 150 miles wide. The coast forms many capes, bays, havens, and is fringed by numerous islands. A chain of mountains extends throughout, of which the greater height is from 4,500 to 4,900 feet above the sea. The chain is almost destitute of vegetation, having only here and there a few stunted trees or shrubs. It has a single volcano, and possesses distinct traces of volcanic origin. The foot of the range is covered with cactuses of remarkable size. Some of the hollows, where the soil is formed of decomposed lava, are wonderfully fertile. On the plains the soil is often of the richest quality, and where the advantage of irrigation can be obtained, raises the most abundant crops; but this advantage often fails, owing to the lack of water. Rain seldom falls in summer, and the streams are quite insignificant. The climate of Lower California varies much according to locality. The principal vegetable crops are maize, manioc, wheat, grapes, oranges, lemons, pineapples and many other varieties of the finest fruits. In the valleys horses, sheep and cattle are raised successfully. The fish on the coast are very abundant, and a pearl-fishery is carried on with considerable success. La Paz, in the south, is the capital; Ensanada, in the north, is a rising port. The population, in 1895, was 6,236, of whom half were Indians.

Government Whitewash.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell us how to mix the whitewash known as White House paint?—J. K. Lestershire, N. Y.

Yes, we will tell you, notwithstanding we have already published the recipe a number of times this season. Here it is again:

Take half a bushel of unslacked lime, slake it with boiling water, cover during the process to keep in steam, strain the liquid through a sieve or fine strainer, and add to it a peck of salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while hot, half a pound of clean glue, previously dissolved by soaking in cold water, and then having put over the fire in a small pot hung in a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well, and let it stand a few days, covered from dirt. It should be applied hot, for which purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. The east end of the Presidential house at Washington, is embellished by this brilliant whitewash. It is used by the government to whitewash lighthouses.

A pint of this wash mixture, if properly applied, will cover one square yard, and will be almost as serviceable as paint for wood, brick or stone, and is much cheaper than the cheapest paint.

Coloring matter may be added as desired. For cream color add yellow ochre; pearl or lead, add lampblack or ivory black; fawn, add proportionately four pounds of umber to one pound of common lampblack; common stone color, add proportionately four pounds raw umber to two pounds lampblack.

E. H. Harriman.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief history of the life of E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate.—H. N. W., Bainbridge, N. Y.

Mr. Harriman has no biographers. At least we can find nothing in the way of current biographical history that will give information about the early life and progress of this remarkably successful man, things that other men are pleased to have told. In Who's Who in America we find the name of Edward Henry Harriman, and a long list of the railroads and trust companies of which he is president, then follow his residence and office addresses. And this is all. Then comes his birth, early life, education, marriage, etc., which go to fill the average man's biographical account of himself. Of course we know that E. H. Harriman was born, and the general public doesn't know when. His name was almost unknown ten years ago. It is said that there are a few persons still in Wall street who remember a self-reliant boy, taciturn, energetic and independent to the point of surliness, who left—or rather, walked—errands for a number of small brokers for a year or two, to James Stillman, president of the National City bank, who is a cousin of Mr. Harriman, said some time since: "I do not believe that 'Ed' Harriman ever asked me for anything except at his own volition." Hence Harriman had rich connections, but he disdained their help. He primarily announced his intention to work his own way up the financial ladder, not as a speculator and it is a tradition of Wall street that he was invariably successful. He had a genius for divining the quickest way to make money. He was scarcely more than 25 years old when he was able to buy a seat in the New York Stock Exchange. It was on Aug. 13, 1870, that he became a member of the stock exchange. He started in the stock brokerage business with a brother and his immediate success was in dealing in the securities of the Illinois Central railroad, which company he subsequently became an influential director.

When a little more than nine years later his name appeared for the first time on the list of directors of the Union Pacific it was unimportant, mingled with the names of such giants as James Stillman, Roswell Miller, president of the St. Paul, and George Gould, president of the Missouri Pacific. Yet the next year Mr. Harriman was elected chairman of the executive committee. He was at once in real command, and he has remained in command. In the time he has been in command he has accomplished what it took other geniuses of the railroad's whole lifetime to do. He is not a builder of railroads. Upon the work of others he has reared the lofty structure of the Harriman fortunes. By the chance of things the main scene of his activities has been in the west and Mr. Harriman is peculiarly an eastern product. He was educated in the east, entered Wall street with eastern money and all his ideas were of the east and he was soon in collision with the men of the west, grappling with James P. Huntington from the very start a fight that only ended with the death of the Pacific coast magnate. His history is a story of such fights.

Mr. Harriman owns a stock farm, and it is here, it is said, that he is seen at his best. On the subjects of agriculture and horses he stands high. He has a splendid estate at Arden, New York state, in a high state of cultivation. Nearly everybody in Arden is directly in his employ. The postoffice is in a grocery store in which Mr. Harriman owns an interest. The public school is in a building which stands on his property. The rest of the citizens or Arden work on his 20,000-acre estate. "Uncle Hank" and "Pop" are their favorite names for the railroad man, and he seems to like them. When he is at home he spends a good bit of his time giving Arden youngsters rides in his automobile, into which he has crowded as many as twenty at one time. "Mr. Harriman in New York and 'Pop' Harriman in Arden are two very different men," said one of the leading citizens. "Out here he forgets that he has millions upon millions and is just a good, kind, friendly neighbor. He won't talk to you about railroads or finance or public affairs. He will talk by the hour about the crops, the cows, the condition of the timber, the presence of game or anything that has to do with the country he loves so well." The ruler of a principality has not more power over a settlement than Mr. Harriman has over Arden, yet no subjects in the world are more content than his retainers. For instance, he only allows two New York newspapers, one morning and one afternoon issue, to be sold in Arden. He will allow no liquor there, milk being the principal beverage.

Naval Academy Appointments.

Editor Question Bureau: Can a person past 18 years of age be appointed to the United States naval academy? Please give all the information regarding the requirements of applicants, etc., you can.—G. H. F., Mountain City, Tenn.

An applicant for admission to the naval academy must be between the ages of 16 and 20, as will be seen by the following rules governing the matter:

The students of the naval academy are styled midshipmen. Two midshipmen are allowed for each senator, representative and delegate in congress, two for the District of Columbia and five each year from the United States at large. The appointments from the District of Columbia and five each year at large are made by the President. One midshipman is allowed from Porto Rico, who must be a native of that island. The appointment is made by the President, on the recommendation of the governor of Porto Rico. The congressional appointments are equitably distributed, so that as soon as practicable each senator, representative and delegate in congress may appoint one midshipman during each congress. The course for midshipmen is six years—four years at the academy. When the succeeding appointment is made, and two years at sea, at the expiration of which time the examination for graduation takes place. Midshipmen who pass the examination for final graduation are appointed to fill vacancies in the lower grade of the line of the navy and of the marine corps, in the order of merit as determined by the academic board of the naval academy. The act of March 4, 1903, prescribes that the secretary of the navy shall, as soon as practicable after March 5 in each year, notify in writing each senator, representative in congress of any vacancy which may be regarded as existing in the state or territory which he represents, and the nomination of a candidate to fill such vacancy shall be made upon the recommendation of the senator, representative or delegate. Such recommendation shall be made by June 1 of that year, and if not so made the secretary of the navy shall fill the vacancy by the appointment of an actual resident of the state or territory in which the vacancy exists, who shall have been for at least two years immediately preceding his appointment an actual bona fide resident of the state or territory in which the vacancy exists and shall have the qualifications otherwise prescribed by law. And provided further, that the superintendent of the naval academy shall make such rules, to be approved by the secretary of the navy, as will effectually prevent the practice of hazing; and any cadet found guilty of participating in or encouraging or countenancing such practice shall be summarily expelled from the academy and shall not thereafter be appointed to the corps of cadets or be eligible for appointment as a commissioned officer in the army or navy. The annual corps of cadets two years after the graduation of the class of which he was a member. Candidates allowed for congressional districts, for territories, and for the District of Columbia must be actual residents. Candidates at the time of their examination must be physically sound, well formed and of robust constitution. Attention will also be paid to the stature of the candidate, and no one manifestly under size for his age will be received at the academy. The height of candidates for admission shall not be less than 5 feet 2 inches between the ages of 16 and 18 years, and not less than 5 feet 4 inches between the ages of 18 and 20 years; and the minimum weight at 16 years of age shall be 100 pounds, with an increase of not less than 5 pounds for each additional year or fraction of a year over one-half. Any marked deviation in the relative height and weight to the age of a candidate will add materially to the consideration for rejection. Candidates must be unmarried, and midshipman who shall marry, or who shall be found to be married, before his final graduation, shall be dismissed from the service. All candidates must, at the time of their examination for admission, be between the ages of 16 and 20 years. The pay of a midshipman is $500, beginning at the date of admission. The regulations regarding places and times of examinations may be obtained by addressing the superintendent of the naval academy, Annapolis, Md.

Language of Flowers.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please print the flower language and oblige?—J. W., Titusville, Pa.

Here it is, alphabetically: Almond, hope; anemone, expectation; apple blossom, preference; balsam, impatience; buttercup, riches; camelia, loveliness; carnation (white), disdain; carnation (red), alas, for my poor heart; clover (white), think of me; clover (red), industry; clover (four-leaf), be mine; cedar, live for me; columbine, folly; cowslip, pensiveness; china aster, variety; dandelion, coquetry; daisy, innocence; dead leaves, sadness; daffodil, chivalry; fern, fascination; forget-me-not, true love; fuchsia, taste; golden rod, be cautious; geranium, recall; heliotrope, devotion; hyacinth, constancy; honeysuckle, bond of love; ivy, fidelity; lady's slipper, win me and wear me; lily (white), sweetness; laurel, glory; lily of the valley, return of happiness; mignonette, your qualities surpass your charms; myrtle, love; orange blossoms, chastity; pansy, thoughts; passion flower, faith; pear, affection; primrose, inconstancy; rose, love; rose (yellow), jealousy; rose (moss), confession of love; shamrock, light-heartedness; straw, agreement; straw (broken), broken agreement; sweet pea, depart; tube-rose, dangerous pleasure; verbena, pray for me; witch hazel, a spell; woodbine, maternal love.

Rainbow at Night.

Editor Question Bureau: One man tells me that he saw a rainbow late at night. I asked some other men, and one of them told me that he also saw a rainbow at night. I say that he may have seen it late at sunset and that the sun made the rainbow. I never heard of one at night. How could the moon make a rainbow? I want you to answer and explain.—B. A. J. Alliance, O.

The appearance of rainbows at night are not impossible, although they occur with less frequency than the daylight phenomena with which everybody is familiar. A rainbow is simply an arch of concentric colored bands, visible unually on a portion of the sky overspread with falling raindrops, and always on that side of the observer opposite to the place from which the sun or moon is shining at the time. Our inquirer and other readers are doubtless familiar with the causes that produce the rainbow—rays of light falling on, entering into and being reflected by raindrops. The lunar rainbow is usually single, the primary bow, only, and is often white; when colored, it is but faintly so.

Aluminum.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly tell me what the metal known as aluminum is composed of, or whether it is a natural substance extracted from the earth, such as gold, silver, or other minerals? How can I obtain the address of a firm that handles it?—F. M. C., Denver, Col.

Aluminum is very abundant in nature, for next to oxygen and silica, it is the chief component of the earth's crust. Aluminum is nearly white, but has a slightly bluish tinge. It is about as hard as silver and is very malleable. It can readily be drawn out into wire or beaten into leaf. Feldspar and mieca contain aluminum in considerable quantities, as well as common clay, which is formed by the disintegration of feldspar. The oxid of aluminum occurs in many beautiful forms, giving us the ruby and the sapphire, besides forming an essential part of the garnet, topaz, turquoise and emerald.

Although aluminum is far more abundant than tin, copper, lead, zinc or iron, it can be extracted from the minerals in which it occurs only with the greatest difficulty. At the present time practically all of the aluminum that is produced is obtained by electrolysis. The process by which all the aluminum in the world is now manufactured was devised by Charles M. Hall, a young student of the Oberlin, O., college. While yet a student it occurred to young Hall that some way might be found for extracting aluminum by electrolysis. The electric resistance of aluminum is about twice that of copper, but owing to the lightness of the former, and its constantly diminishing price (30 cents or less a pound) it may become a serious rival of copper in the transmission of electricity. Many long lines of aluminum wire have been established in the west. It is used in the east, in one instance, to transmit power from Hartford, Conn., from a point 12 miles distant. Three aluminum cables are used, containing over 60,000 pounds of metal. One of the most valuable properties of aluminum is the facility with which it alloys with most other metals except lead. Some of its alloys with gold are very beautiful, and it has been proposed to use one of them in the manufacture of coins. The most useful alloys of the metal at present are those with copper, which are known as "aluminum bronzes." The alloy containing 3 per cent of copper is whiter than aluminum; and that containg from 90 to 95 per cent of copper has a color resembling gold.

As to that part of our inquirer's question, where aluminum can be purchased, the Bureau cannot answer.

Persephone.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me something concerning the legend of Persephone? Is she the same as Proserpcina?—H. M. T., Putnam, Okla.

Proserpina is the Latin form of Persephone. According to some she was the daughter of Zeus and Styx, or, according to the more usual tradition, the daughter of Zeus and Demeter (Ceres). Pluto carried her off, with the consent of Zeus, and made her his wife. This fable has been treated in different ways by various poets. In Homer, where she bears the name of Perseponela, no mention is made of her having been carried off by Pluto against her will. She is represented as the majestic and awful wife of Pluto and queen of the lower world. According to the later story Persephone was once dancing in the choir of nymphs led by Athena and Artemis in a grassy meadow. Leaving the dancers, she went with some of her companions to gather flowers. At the prayer of Pluto, and with the consent of Zeus, the earth produced 100 blooming narcissuses from one root. The maid eagerly gathered them, and, beguiled by their magic power, wandered from her companions. Suddenly the earth opened, and Pluto, rising from the chasm with his immortal steeds, seized Persephone and carried her in a golden chariot to the lower world. In vain did Zeus attempt to obtain her mother's consent to her marriage with Pluto, and he at length granted her permission to return to the upper world provided she had not tasted any of the food of the gods. But while walking through the fields of elysium she had eaten a pomegranate, and all that Zeus could grant to the prayers of her afflicted mother was that she should spend the spring and summer of each year in the upper world.

The story of Persephone in the simple form in which it is given by the Greek poets is universally held to be a mythical account of the changes of the seasons, and the interpretation is so obvious that the ancients themselves saw in the abduction of Persephone a symbol of autumn, when the fruits of nature disappear, and in her return a symbol of spring.

Oberlin College.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell what you can about Oberlin college, and what gave rise to its founding.—H. D. M., Moab, Wash.

Oberlin college was founded at Oberlin, O., in 1833, under the name of Oberlin Collegiate Institute. The name was changed in 1850 to Oberlin college. In August, 1832, Rev. John J. Shipherd rode over the ground for inspection what is now the village of Oberlin. It was then a dense, heavy, unbroken forest, the land level and wet, almost inaccessible by roads and the prospects for a settlement most forbidding. In November, 1832, Mr. Shipherd, in company with a few others, selected the site. Five hundred acres of land were conditionally pledged, and on this land the college buildings now stand. A voluntary board of trustees held their first meeting in the winter of 1832, in a small Indian opening on the site, and the legislature of 1833-4 granted a charter with university privileges. Improvements were commenced, a log house or two were erected, people began to locate in the colony, and in 1834 the board of trustees resolved to open the school for the reception of colored persons of both sexes, to be regarded as on an equality with others. Such was the beginning of Oberlin college. There are now departments of theology and of art, courses in physical training for women, and summer school courses. Statistics for the year 1903 show that there were at that time connected with the college 84 professors and instructors and about 1,500 students, nearly 1,000 of whom were women. The grounds and buildings are valued at $660,000; the scientific apparatus, etc., at $51,000; and the productive fund is $1,068,800. The annual income from tuition and fees is about $90,000; from the productive fund $50,000. Oberlin was among the first colleges in the United States to adopt co-education and to admit colored students. It was a noted center from which emanated strong anti-slavery sentiments, and in the vicinity was the "underground railroad," used in slavery days by the Abolitionists.

Wealth of Presidents.

Editor Question Bureau: How many of our Presidents died leaving large estates—R. M. V., Scott's Station, Ky.

None of our Presidents died leaving estates that would compare with those of men who are today popularly regarded as wealthy. Washington left an estate valued at $800,000; John Andrews left about $75,000; Jefferson died so poor that he would have been a pauper had not congress purchased his library for $20,000; Madison left about $150,000; Monroe died poor and was buried at the expense of relatives; John Quincy Adams left about $55,000 at his death; Jackson about $80,000; Van Buren, $400,000; Polk, $150,000; Taylor, $150,000; Tyler married a woman of wealth; Fillmore left $200,000; Pierce, $50,000, Buchanan, $300,000; Lincoln, $75,000; Johnson, $50,000; Grant lost his wealth in the Grant & Ward failure; Hayes, Garfield and Harrison were all moderately well off. McKinley's fortune was not over $80,000. Mr. Grover Cleveland's fortune is supposed to be quite large.

Old Chief Geronimo.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a brief sketch of Old Geronimo, the Indian chief?—T. R. S., Woodbine, Pa.

Geronimo was one of the three chiefs of the Chiricahua branch of the Apache tribe of Indians, and he came to the front in 1876. He was the leader in several bloody campaigns against the whites in Arizona and New Mexico. He surrendered at different times, but after each surrender entered the field again. He was captured by Colonel Lawson, acting under orders of General Miles, in 1886, and after some years imprisonment in Florida was sent to Fort Sill in Arizona, where he and his tribe have occupied a reservation under military supervision. He is still living at Fort Still.

Miscellaneous.

U. G. F., Mannington, W. Va.: The Bureau cannot give you a sketch of "Capt. James Booth."

W. H. M., Copley, O.: We cannot answer as to the liability of the man who sold you the colt that went wrong. It is our opinion, however, that you would have difficulty in proving that the man who sold you the animal knew that it would turn out badly.

W. A. W., Spring Lick, Ky.: There is no rule fixing a limited residence of a citizen before he can become postmaster. Political propriety, however, would suggest that a man have a well established residence in a town before asking for a postmastership.

C. R., Ogdensburg, N. W.: The phrase "admitted to the bar" means that a person has been granted the right to practice law in the courts. Various states have various laws on this subject, some more rigid than others. Special preparation is required before a person is enabled to pass the examinations provided. In Ohio examinations take place before members of the supreme court. There are a number of law schools in the country.

G. W. El Paso, Tex.: The book you ask for is out of print, and we do not know where a single copy could be obtained.

M. S. B., Oswego, Kansas: We know of no fund Mr. Carnegie has set aside for pensioning school teachers. However, we believe that he has provided for pensioning certain college professors. Mr. Carnegie is now at his home in Scotland.

N. H., Saulsbury, Tenn.: The national soldiers' home is at Washington, D. C., with branches in the following places: Dayton, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Me.; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kansas; Santa Monica, Cal.; Marion, Ind.; Danville, Ill.; Johnson City, Tenn., and Hot Springs, Ark.

W. R. V., Murphy, N. C.: Write your "minutes" in the past tense. They will look better and read better than if written in the present tense.

D. W. G., Dandy, N. C.: We cannot answer your question. Write to the secretary of the interior department, Washington, D. C.

W. H. T., Vevay, Ind: "What started Carrie Nation on her rounds against the saloons?"

The Question Bureau cannot answer that question. We are not familiar with this strenuous woman's motives.

W. S., Denver, O.: The number of Sunday schools in the United States is 140,519; teachers, 1,451,855; scholars, 11,329,253. These figures do not include the schools of the Roman Catholic and non-Evangelical Protestant churches. The number of scholars in Roman Catholic Sunday schools in the United States is estimated at 1,000,000.

N. A. B., Christie, I. T.: The next national encampment of the G. A. R. will be held at Saratoga, N. Y. We cannot at this time give you the particulars you ask for.

INDIAN WEALTH FROM OIL

Creeks' Income From Their Lands—Government Sees They Are Paid.

The tremendous production of oil in the Glenn pool is making the Creek Indians as rich as the Osages. A citizenship in the Osage nation is now worth about $25,000, but the Creeks are coming fast.

The average daily production in the Glenn pool is 125,000 barrels. Of this, writes a Tulsa correspondent of the Kansas City Times, the Indian owners of the land get 12,500 barrels, one-tenth. The oil is worth about 41 cents a barrel. This gives the Indian lessors of the 10,500 acres comprising the pool $5,125 a day. This amounts to $1,872,625 a year. This is the royalty which is paid as long as the oil is in the ground. Then there is the money for the lease and the bonus, which frequently runs $5 and $10, and sometimes $20 an acre. This is all profit for the Indians.

The Indian never gets the worst of it in the oil game because the government looks after him and sees that the bonuses and royalties are paid when due. Further than this, the government sees that the Indian gets the full benefit of the market price. It's the white man who is putting up his money to develop the country and make the Indian rich who has to stand all the chances of failure.

There are 120 Indian owners of the leases in the Glenn pool getting the $1,872,625 a year. This makes an average of $15,650 each on royalties alone. That is more money than a cabinet officer of the United States or a justice of the supreme court receives as salary. The beauty of it all is the Indian does not have to work to get the money. The Indian agent comes around and hands it to him.

Just for speculation a statistician was figuring the life of the Glenn pool with the life of other pools, and he came to the total of $35,000,000 which will be paid out to the Creeks in royalties before the pool passes the stage of marketable production. That will make every Indian rich. And the beauty of it is that the royalty is in the shape of an annuity on a monthly payment plan. The Indian cannot anticipate his royalties. He cannot sell them or make a contract to sell them. The government looks after that. All the Indian can do is to spend the money after he gets it every month. And he can do that as well as anybody who ever lived.

"I Guess" and "Calculate."

The accepted manner of defining Americans, either male or female, in the London comic papers or in second-rate English novels, is to lard their speech plentifully with "calculate" and "guess," and with "well" at the opening of each sentence. This mode of marking, or any other, is in itself totally unimportant, but linguistically it is not without interest, for while it is purely conventional as now used and has no relation to any American habits of the present day, whether good or bad, it is pleasant to note that the hard-worked insular humorist need not have gone so far afield to find the words necessary for the identification of Americans. They really had but to turn to the "New Letters" of Thomas Carlyle (vol. i., page 178) and there read the following sentence: "He has brought you a Fox's Book of Martyrs, which I calculate will go in the parcel today; you will get right good reading out of it, I guess."—Senator Lodge, in Scribner's.

FIND NAME PLATE OFF CHASE'S CASKET

After Being Missing 21 Years, Marker Is Located in a Pawnshop.

Washington, July 27.—The silver name plate that once marked the casket in which were placed the remains of Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of President Lincoln, and afterward chief justice of the United States, has been discovered in a Washington pawn shop.

Its whereabouts for the past 21 years, since the removal of the body from Washington to Cincinnati, has remained a mystery. The plate bears the following inscription:

SALMON P. CHASE,
Chief Justice.
Born January 13, 1808.
Died May 2, 1873.

Some days ago a man describing himself as the undertaker who acted at the disinterment of the remains of Chase from the cemetery in this city to the one in Cincinnati, took the plate to Fulton's pawn shop and offered it for sale.

He said the plate had been in his possession a number of years, and, as it was of no use to him, he wished to dispose of it. The firm refused to make the purchase, because, except for its historic value, the plate, though of solid silver, was of no use.

A man in the office on business of his own became interested in the memento. He bought it from the supposed undertaker for a small amount and placed it in the hands of the pawnbroker, to be disposed of.

He explained his purchase as an investment which might make it worth while for him, owing to the historic value attached to the old and battered silver plate. One of the members of the firm said that if he knew any of Secretary Chase's descendants personally he would immediately restore the plate to them. It is his intention to speak of the find before some of the historical research societies.

The Chase family is rather expansive, branches of it being established in many cities of the United States. Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, whose death occurred but a short time ago, was the last of Secretary Chase's children. She made her home in this city until the time of her death.

Much of the family history was brought before the country about a month ago, when the granddaughter of this Mrs. Chase, Miss Inez Sprague, was secretly married to William Henry Sickness, of Rhode Island.

Few families of the United States can lay claim to greater distinction than the descendants of Justice Chase. He was one of the foremost statesmen of his day, and worked to advance his party until a stroke of paralysis in June, 1870, made him an invalid. Three years later he died.

His integrity was shown by the fact that though he had been a member of the administration when the government was spending millions of dollars a day, he died in comparative poverty.

Efforts will be made to trace the wanderings of the silver coffinplate, and to find it a fitting resting place in one of the historical museums.

GEN. PICKETT, UNDER ARREST 40 YEARS, DYING.

Worcester, Mass., July 29.—General Josiah Pickett, eighty-five years old and a veteran of the civil war, is said to be dying here, technically a military prisoner. He has been under arrest, it is stated, ever since the battle of Cold Harbor, and has declared that he will die under arrest.

Pickett was colonel of the 25th Massachusetts during the fighting at Cold Harbor and in a fit of anger, under the heat of the fight, replied roughly to General Stannard, his superior. The latter promptly placed him under arrest and took his sword.

Later Pickett was commended by Stannard for gallantry in the Cold Harbor battle while heading a charge, but the record of arrest was never changed and General Pickett has been officially under arrest over forty years.

The Canary Bird Industry

The breeding and selling of canary birds in Germany, which has reached such proportions that it now controls the markets of the world, is conservatively estimated of a value of $223,000. In St. Andreasburg alone 50,000 canaries are yearly raised for export. For an exceptionally good singer and breeder at least 300 marks ($71.40) must be paid, and 100 marks ($23.80) is often paid for a so-called "Vorsaenger," a bird used to teach the younger canaries to sing by example.

The normal price for good singers varies from $2.86 to $8.57. Absolute quiet and undisturbed intimate relations exist between the breeder and his birds. Similar conditions are attained by the Madgeburg breeders. Many of the socalled "Harz canaries" which are exported to the United States are bred in the city of Madgeburg, where some of the best singers are produced.

The training of the young birds to sing correctly is one of the most important and laborious features of the breeders' activity. The young birds, learning by imitation for the most part, acquire bad singing as well as good, and, while it is the plan of the breeders that the birds should only hear the good singing of the "Vorsaenger," yet some of them naturally chirp and whistle in an unpleasant manner, and care must be taken that these birds are removed before the other birds have acquired the same bad habits and are rendered unsalable.

The art of the breeder lies in his being able to discover the slumbering talent in the bird at an early age and developing the same to the point of perfection in its particular line. Some birds show an especial talent for trilling, while others are remarkable for the beauty and variety of their song. The birds are divided into classes and kept in separate rooms, those having harsh and sharp voices being often placed in covered cages, where, instead of singing themselves, they are forced to listen to other good singers, through which their faults are often overcome.

The better singers, after passing a certain stage where their habits are established and they do not require the close daily watching of the breeder, are taken into a room reserved for the best singers. The elementary training for the singer is generally finished by the end of November, and the singing is at its best at the beginning of January and again after the mating time.

LIGHTNING AND DANGERS

Statistics That Show the Value of the Scorned Lightning Rod.

As with ballooning, so with protection against lightning, since the first identification of lightning with electricity by Franklin, within two decades of the ascent of the first balloon, the art of protecting human life and habitations from its visitations has remained about stationary. There is nothing better today than the metal rod, either of iron or copper, with sharp points projecting a little way above the object to be protected. The great Washington Monument has served for continuous lightning experimentation and record under the auspices of the scientific men of the weather bureau. If there be any advance to record in the protective devices against lightning it is through the experience obtained on the monument. It is 535 feet high and stands in the center of flat and well watered ground, precisely the combination of conditions believed to attract the lightning. About twenty years ago the lightning rods upon it were re-enforced by connecting the pyramidal cap of aluminum by a network of copper wires, uniting the four main copper lightning rods with one another and with the uprights supporting the elevator machinery, and arming the whole system of copper wires about the cap with some 200 copper points distributed at a uniform distance of about five feet. There had been one damaging lightning stroke which left its mark upon the monument, but since that multiplication of points and close connection with the metals in the interior of the monument, not another one. In England this year, owing to the recent wholesale killings of cattle and sheep in the fields, it is seriously proposed to equip any large trees so situated as to be resorted to commonly as a place of refuge by cattle in a storm, with lightning rods, which shall present, at a height slightly above the highest branches, an array of metal points. It is urged that the expense is trifling for such a precaution compared with the loss on cattle. It is declared by Prof. Attfield, of England, however, that the burying of cattle destroyed by lightning is wholly a bit of superstitious rusticity, and that if the carcasses are promptly drained of their blood, as in ordinary slaughtering, there is no difference in the meat thus procured from that obtained in the ordinary ways.

It is believed that the mortality from lightning is greater than is commonly supposed, since except in Germany and France the facts are only partially collected and tabulated by governments. In England they only "estimate" as yet the totals of lightning destruction, and the number of cattle killed in the field is placed at about 600 annually. Twenty-eight deaths were recorded in 1871, in 1875 17, and in 1877 only 10. In Prussia the number of deaths per million of inhabitants on an average of fifteen years, is 4; in France and Sweden, 3, and in the United States about 5. Our rate is higher than that of most countries owing to the large proportion of our agricultural population. In 1898 the number of deaths recorded was 367 and injuries 491. Nine hundred and sixty-six barns and 735 dwellings were destroyed and about 1,800 head of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs—the approximate money loss being $1,500,000. And yet the authorities tell us that in the United States there are few flashes so intense that good lightning rods of continuous metal well inserted in the earth will not afford effective protection. This is not necessary in the city built in close blocks, with metal cornices and roofs and spouts abounding; but in the country the same authorities unite in saying that good lightning rods, in good repair and with burnished points on the roof corners are eminently desirable things to be provided with. Tall factory chimneys and steeples and all such structures as tower above their surroundings should have their lightning rods as a matter of course, and have them constructed most carefully and inspected often to keep their joints intact.—Boston Transcript.

SHE DIED AT THE ALTAR

Then Revivalists Attempted Miracle of Raising Dead.

Cleveland, O., July 29.—Laboring under religious excitement while seeking the "gift of tongues," Mrs. Annie Nagy, fifty-two, fell dead at the altar of a little frame church on E. 49th street, between Cedar and Central avenues, S. E., at 6 o'clock last night.

For an hour the neighbors declare, her fellow revivalists attempted the miracle of raising the dead. Upon finding themselves unsuccessful they finally called a physician. He pronounced the woman beyond all human help. For nearly three hours the dead body lay on the floor of the church while a woman waved a palmleaf fan to drive away the flies.

A service which is said by persons living in the vicinity to have been somewhat noisy was suddenly stopped when it was found that Mrs. Nagy had not swooned but was really dead. For several hours the congregation sat with bowed heads and then drifted away by twos and three until an ambulance came and took the body away.

The meeting was presided over by Rev. W. A. Kramer. The church is known as the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Kramer claims that there have been numerous manifestations of the "gift of tongues" at his services.

Rev. W. S. Worrell, of Louisville, Ky., preached. At the conclusion of his sermon Rev. Mr. Kramer, who claims to be an ordained minister, announced that there would be a session of prayer and invited all to gather about the steps of the altar. About forty responded.

Women worked themselves up to a frenzy of religious fervor and cried aloud in their prayers, their bodies swaying about in their supplications. Men prayed with the same earnestness, falling on their folded arms and crying for relief.

Suddenly Mrs. Nagy who was bending in front of the altar, swayed to and fro and fell backwards upon the floor. As converts often enter into a cataleptic state, no particular attention was given her, although a chorus of rejoicings went up. Only once did she give evidence of life when she clutched the air convulsively and fell back dead. Those praying for her believed that she was in the usual trance, although they could not arouse her.

INDIAN NAMES

Easily Pronounced According to This Rule.

Did you ever try to pronounce an Indian name and then wonder whether you had come anywhere near the correct pronunciation? Try this rule: Place a dash after each vowel in the word and then pronounce each syllable slowly. Note the smooth flowing sound produced and then gradually pronounce the syllables faster until you get the entire word grouped. You will be surprised both at the ease with which you get the word and the effect in pronunciation. The most difficult Indian name is readily pronounced in this manner.

Nearly all Indian names of towns and rivers have some particular significance. The names of towns in Indian Territory will perpetuate Indian history for centuries. Only yesterday a new town was named Neha. This is a Creek word and means oil town. It was given to a siding put in on the railroad a few miles south of Muskogee in the new oil field.

"We" in Creek means water. It is found in many names in the Territory and the significance attaches to the remainder of the word. For instance, here are a few. Weleetka means running water, and Wetumka means bounding water. Both are towns on the Frisco railroad. Wealaka, the home of the Creek chief, means falling water, Wecharta means red water.

Okmulgee, which is the Creek national capital, means in Creek head of power, and the name was given the town of Okmulgee because it was the national capital. Tallahassee conveys to the Creek mind the same impression that deserted village does to the English. It was the name of a town in the eastern home of the Creeks and also a town of that name, or what was a town, is located in Indian Territory. There is an Indian school there.

To the Creeks the Arkansas river was Wecharty, because the water is red, and Deep Fork was Hutchety Soofkey because it is deep. The Verdigris was Wascre Hutchety because the Osages came down that river and the Creeks called it "Osage Stream." The North Canadian was called Oklahutchey because it was full of sand. The village of Choska was so called because Choska means post oak, and around Choska post oaks grow in great profusion.—Kansas City Star.

In Re the Teddy Bear.

A minister of St. Joseph, Mich., has denounced the "Teddy bear" from the pulpit. More power to him! This ursine crusade was a long time coming, but it seems to have arrived at last. May the good work go on until the last vestige of this utterly inane and unnatural fad is swept from the American home.

The man who made the first Teddy bear was probably the original "nature fakir." At least his handiwork challenges the literary output of the most imaginative unnaturalist. But the fact alone would not call for White House fulmination, so far as the children are concerned. The "kiddies" who can create a human being, with joys and sorrows like their own, out of a sawdust doll with beaded eyes sticking out of a faceless head, may be able to see a real bear in pudgy little bunch of wool with the proper number of dropsical limbs. But even if they can construe such a monstrosity into the semblance of a bear, what of it? Is there any special virtue in such a totem? Why not a wildcat or a mongoose, or a crocodile? There would at least be some suggestion of naturalistic instruction in varying the fetich. Or there might be moral education in giving to each child an image of the particular wild beast that the parents think the child ought to emulate.

The bear fad is not merely absurd. It is contrary to nature, as the St. Joseph minister has pointed out. In the case of a boy, it does not matter so much. The lad dreams of hunting bears, just as he muses of shooting Indians and slaying dragons. As he lives through his savage epoch he may be able to realize more perfectly the instinct of the cave dwelling, beast slaying era that is epitomized in early boyhood. But to make the bear thoroughly adapted to the purpose, the boy ought to beat the sawdust out of him with a club every morning before breaking fast, and spend the rest of the day shooting him full of holes with an air gun. As for the girl, there is doubtless positive harm done by encouraging or allowing her to play with a stuffed beast instead of a doll made in her own likeness. Dolls have always been recognized by moralists and educators as a tremendous force in the development of the motherly instinct. The little girl cares for her doll as her mother cares for her, and the lesson is never forgotten. It is sad to think of the unnatural and brutalizing effect these Teddy bears must have on the sensitive, impressionable mind

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 175,000

If Haywood was surprised to learn that he was not guilty, he managed not to show it.

The Jesse Grant presidential boom seems to be one of the light running, noiseless variety.

The things Marie Corelli says about men would sound real mean were her father still living.

Even if Harry Orchard's story is a lie, it is hard to keep from admiring the way he sticks to it.

A Seattle woman eloped with a Japanese servant. That is one way of settling the Japanese question.

About the only men who ever get paid for talking too much are the preachers and the lawyers.

"I am a Democrat," declares Judge Alton B. Parker. And he can prove it by the 1904 election returns.

The retired emperor of Korea, being human, feels just like any other man who goes out on the toe of a boot.

"Mr. Rockefeller's pastor" is saying some things that would attract attention if he were not Mr. Rockefeller's pastor.

After giving the matter due deliberation Korea has agreed to like the bitter medicine Japan has prescribed for her.

The things that are happening to Korea are for Korea's good, which is the Japanese for "benevolent assimilation."

While human nature is about the same everywhere, it is rarely that two persons like the same kind of breakfast food.

Many of the freak things Chicago university professors think of never occur to other men except in strange dreams.

Prof. Starr, of the Chicago University, says dog meat is as good as mutton. Here's where we join the vegetarians.

There doesn't appear to be any good reason why Mr. Bryan should care to be Democracy's candidate for president next year.

There doesn't seem to be much starch left in a lot of the presidential booms, of which we read a great deal during the cool weather.

Notwithstanding statistics prove that the American railways are the most deadly, no serious falling off in immigration is reported.

While July weather, on the whole, has been much pleasanter than the June variety, July brides have not been able to attract much attention.

There would have been more satisfaction over the report of the Haywood jury, had it also decided who is the greater orator, Borah or Darrow.

Mark Twain will not attend the convention of humorists at Los Angeles. Mark is already getting more for his jokes than the union scale demands.

Some Delaware preachers have had their salaries raised as a result of good crops. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of prosperity after that.

It is said that a Chicago man who borrowed $50,000, made $1,000,000; a thing that is not likely to happen again for at least a hundred years.

Mark Twain gets 30 cents a word for his humor. That seems like a big price to pay when we stop to consider that 30 cents will buy a pound of trust butter.

"The Knox campaign will be formally opened in Pittsburg September 24," according to announcement. Then we shall probably find out what there is in it.

America is now the second naval power. And the first naval power was recently captured by Mark Twain, so it seems we are in no immediate danger.

While Mr. Bryan has put some of his former principles on the shelf, he is probably ready to take them down and dust them off any time there is a call for them.

In Boston, the other day, an automobile and an elephant collided. Humane persons, who do not own an automobile, will be pleased to learn that the elephant was not hurt.

Many brave-hearted men will continue to go right along winning the respect and admiration of their wives and daughters, in spite of anything Marie Corelli may say.

An astrologer, who has been reading the stars, says the United States is soon to engage in war with the whole world. He might look again and tell us who is going to get licked.

The problem of how to get men to join the army is once more receiving considerable discussion. One way, that has always worked in the past, is to start a war; but it is quite expensive and otherwise disastrous.

Who says there are no longer opportunities for young men? An Indiana man is offering $9 a week and board for farm hands, the free use of horse and buggy for Sunday, and one of his daughters as a companion.

The fact that Mrs. Fairbanks declares that her husband does not care for buttermilk will not seriously hurt his presidential chances. It is not believed the buttermilk vote of the country is large enough to cut much of a figure.

HAYWOOD ACQUITTED.

The acquittal of Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, who has been on trial since early May for conspiring to assassinate ex-Governor Frank Steuenberg, of Idaho, is not surprising in view of the court's charge. It practically withdrew Orchard's confession from the jury and left them nothing on which to hinge an adverse verdict except the suspicious interest taken by the defendant in the welfare of Orchard, Simpkins and Steve Adams.

While there was nothing in the testimony to indicate it,the court seemed impressed with the idea that Orchard never would have confessed his wholesale crimes unless he had been promised immunity and acting on this assumption, warned the jury to accept his statements only as far as they were corroborated beyond the shadow of a doubt by other witnesses. The state denied that any such promise had been held out. Orchard himself denied it. The defense referred to it only in a general way. And yet there was the fact of a man calmly and voluntarily acknowledging that he had committed most inhuman murders, not for revenge or in a fit of passion, but for money, and a small amount at that.

The defense relied chiefly on the character which Orchard gave himself and added testimony of which there was plenty to show that the man was a notorious liar and utterly devoid of conscience.

But there still remains in the public mind the documentary evidence and other testimony showing that Haywood and the Western Federation of Miners were constantly doing business with Orchard. Simpkins and other disreputable characters. The workman selects his tools according to the work he has in hand. Why, if the Federation is innocent, did it find it advantageous to furnish funds to men of the Orchard stripe?

It is difficult to prophesy the probable effect of this trial. It may make the organization of which Haywood is a part, more arrogant than ever, but on the other hand its methods are no longer a mystery and for that reason it may find its sphere of operation narrowed. We do not believe that organized labor will approve of what the Federation has done and is doing. We do not believe organized labor indorses the Federation's socialistic views or is yet ready to adopt its methods of inciting class war. And it may be that the Federation will find it more profitable to itself and more advantageous to its members to adopt a policy in finer harmony with the spirit of the Golden Rule.

DEATH OF SENATOR PETTUS.

The death of Senator Pettus of Alabama followed closely that of his colleague, Senator Morgan.

There was much in common between these two distinguished southerners.

Both were octogenarians and representives of the old school of Democrats.

Both entered the profession of law after leaving school, and made a success of it.

Both abandoned their private interests to link their fortunes with the Lost Cause, and they were brave fighters. Senator Pettus won the golden opinion of his people when at Vicksburg he placed himself at the head of a Texas regiment and recaptured an important position from the Union forces. The Texans didn't know their leader, but after the charge they dubbed him "Old Texas" and adopted him.

Accepting the issue of the war, Pettus, who had earned a brigadiership, went back to his law books, and eventually worked his way to the head of the profession in Alabama. Piqued because Senator Pugh refused to urge his appointment to the federal bench on the ground that he was too old (he was then 75) he replied: "I will show you that I am not too old to be United States senator," and he did, for in the contest that followed he forced Pugh out of the race and was elected by a handsome plurality.

Senator Pettus was not a brilliant man, but he was generally sound on questions involving points of law, and he was a worker. He was honest, chivalrous and patriotic, and the people of Alabama felt an affection for him that was eloquent of his worthiness.

LAWYERS, NOT LAW, TO BLAME

A short time ago a bank teller in New York city absconded and took with him nearly $100,000 of the bank's money.

He deserted an invalid wife and shared his stolen wealth with another woman.

While detectives were hunting him all over the country he disguised himself and hid within a short distance of the institution he had robbed.

Because the woman could not get as much of the money as she wanted, she turned the thief over to the police.

He admitted taking the funds and part of it was recovered. Many thousands had already been spent.

There was not the least question as to his guilt. It was a crime deliberately planned and executed.

But the lawyers got busy. They investigated the man's family record and discovered that his maternal grandmother had been insane. That was enough.

The prisoner was coached to enter a plea of not guilty and he did so.

When the trial comes off we may expect to hear the expert testimony of a lot of physicians and alienists in an effort to prove the man was insane when he took this money. Perhaps the jury will be hoodwinked and the criminal will escape punishment.

The majesty of the law is not apparent in such cases. It is the trickery of men which makes a farce of the law.

WOULD BE DEATH BLOW.

There is more trouble in store for the liquor men of the country.

Some strong decisions against the saloons have been handed down by the supreme court of the United States.

It is now proposed to get a decision from that tribunal on the constitutionality of granting licenses for the traffic in intoxicants.

Prominent men who control millions are back of the movement, and will press it until a clear-cut decision is reached by the highest court in the country.

The circuit judges of Indiana have set the pace and their findings have created a stir throughout the country.

The men behind the new plan purpose to start similar suits in various states, and then carry one or more of them to the supreme court for final action.

They believe, with Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, that the saloon has sinned away its day of grace, and that henceforth it must be dealt with as an incorrigible offender against society.

Some of the best lawyers and judges in the country believe that if the question of license is brought before the supreme court it will end in the elimination of every saloon in the United States and that the traffic will have no more legal standing than lotteries, gambling and prize fighting.

Uncle Sam does not need the revenue derived from the traffic, and it is generally conceded that the country and the several states would be better off from a money standpoint without saloons, to say nothing of the moral benefits which would come to the people.

The liquor men are alarmed over this latest movement, and their agents are urging the collection of an enormous fund with which to make a fight for existence.

By all means let the question be taken to the supreme court. The way to destroy an evil is to use a sledge and not a tack hammer.

THE TARIFF AND THE PEOPLE.

Tariff schedules are not intended to stand forever. What suits at one time may not suit at another. If the Dingley law were to be made new today, doubtless some of the rates of duty would be made other than what they are. But it does not follow from this that there should be an immediate revision.

In the foregoing language Senator Foraker recently introduced his talk on the tariff before an Ohio audience.

Then he proceeded to give a "stand pat" and "let well enough alone" speech. It will be observed that he was most guarded in his admission that the Dingley rates might not be just suited to the times.

But he wants to hear from the people in 1908 before meddling with those blessed schedules.

Other Republican anti-revisionists have been less careful in their choice of words. They have frankly admitted that the Dingley schedules are, in many respects, unequal and unjust.

What deduction are the people to draw from these expressions? They have been counselled in the past that when the tariff bill is revised, it should be revised by the friends, and not by the enemies, of protection. That is good advice based on sound logic. The country has passed through an experience of Democratic tariff tinkering and does not want another. But the people have declared unmistakably for revision. The last Republican platform recognized the growing demand and pledged the party to action. Yet we are told that it won't do before a presidential election. It would be poor politics. It would create industrial unrest and might defeat the Republican ticket.

Now, really, we wonder if the Republican party gains in prestige when its leaders plead guilty to cowardice? Why, if the Dingley bill is turned over to a committee of experts with instructions to make a scientific revision, should the Republicans shiver in terror lest the people turn them out? What is there to fear if the revision is honestly, courageously made? It need not be a revision "downward," as most of these standpatters assume, unless it is conclusively shown that rates are too high, which these standpatters deny, and in case they are found to be too high, they should be revised downward.

It is absurd, in fact the merest pretense, to claim that the Dingley rates cannot be disturbed without endangering the principle of protection. But possibly we are not all agreed as to the meaning of the word "protection." Our idea has always been that the men who made that the corner stone of Republican platforms meant that the tariff should be high enough to protect American industries and American labor, taking into account that the American workingman lives on a much better scale than the workingmen of other countries. And our idea has been that such a tariff should be declared the maximum, not the minimum rate. It was not the original purpose to make a protective rate and then add more as a margin whereby American manufacturers could "hold up" their own flesh and blood.

Yet that is the indictment popularly brought against the Dingley bill. As to the truth of it as to specific illustrations, let a commission of qualified men investigate and determine, and if they find that the rates should be revised, either upward or downward, let the Republican party be brave enough to keep its pledges by changing the schedules to meet present conditions. Shame on the men who would run away from any honest issue.

SOLDIERS DEFY THE CZAR.

The assassination of a colonel by one of his soldiers and the refusal of a regiment of imperial troops to pass in review before Emperor Nicholas are two events in the week's history of Russia calculated to throw the bureaucrats in a panic.

It indicates that the revolt against the existing order has spread to the army, the one bulwark left to the government. Should this revolt gather any considerable force, there would soon be an end to the reign of Nicholas.

Drastic punishment is being meted out to the rebellious troops in the hope that the example will check any spread of the revolt. That the sedition was the work of the revolutionists is indicated from the character of the literature found in the soldiers' quarters. Now the bureaucrats are asking one another: "What is the extent of this movement?" If a whole regiment can be thus put in a state of rebellion, why not other regiments, and in time the whole army?

The situation is the most threatening since the Red Sunday of St. Petersburg. The people are feverishly awaiting developments that may mean the long delayed revolution.

THE TAINT OF BLOOD.

Cecelia Johnson, the popular student of Chicago University, who has been identified as the sister of "Mushmouth" Johnson, a notorious colored gambler of Chicago, made one blunder else she might have successfully deceived the world. Like all women, Cecelia loved the beautiful, and as her gambler brother had ample means, she was able to gratify her taste apparently without limit.

Her lavishness of dress and her liberal treatment of her favored classmates aroused jealousy, and finally suspicion, which led to investigation and exposure.

And yet Cecelia Johnson had done only what thousands of young white girls have done—sought to conceal her birth. She didn't look like a negress. She was the equal of her classmates in intelligence and in the qualities that go to make the refined woman. For four years she was the leader of society in the university, and for four years she held her own with the brightest scholars in her class.

But the blood taint has been traced and henceforth there will be no more social leadership for Cecelia Johnson.

Sociologists will find a fruitful subject for inquiry in the future career of this woman. She is capable of being of great use to the world. Will she succumb to injured pride and slip back to the old environment to be soon forgotten, or will the intellectuality of this human being rise superior to chagrin and disappointment?

THE DRAGO DOCTRINE.

Some South American delegates to The Hague conference are disposed to insist on the Drago doctrine and profess amazement that the representatives from this nation accept the principle involved only in modified form.

But the Drago doctrine is immoral in that it does not recognize the obligation of a debtor. It declares that contractual debts cannot be collected by resort to arms. If then, any debtor nation should choose to repudiate its obligations, there would be no way of enforcing collection, and the result would be disastrous to every country that was not practically self-dependent. For obviously men with capital would refuse to make loans of so hazardous a nature.

Our delegates are willing to accept the Drago doctrine with an amendment. They would deny the right of any creditor nation to collect debts by force, except when the debtor nation has refused to settle claims determined by an international board of arbitration. That is, this country believes in the doctrine to the extent that it provides a just protection, but not to the extent that it encourages an unjust repudiation, a position so eminently fair that it should receive the sanction of all men.

Some crazy Venezuelan, whose only claim to attention is the fact that he is allowed to exploit his views in the official organ of the government, takes umbrage at what he calls the irreconcilable attitude of our delegates. His contention is that because we have our Monroe doctrine, the soundness of which has never been tested, the South American countries should be allowed to have their Drago doctrine, but he fails to take into account the essential difference between the two principles. As we have already stated, the Drago doctrine is wrong, while the Monroe doctrine is right because it promotes civilization, encourages peace, and does injustice to no one or no nation. Hence his proposition that South American countries form a union with a view of compelling the recognition of the Drago doctrine, is absurd and anarchistic, though too visionary to be characterized as threatening.

WILLING TO WAIVE.

The ease with which William Jennings Bryan abandons his government ownership issue after his very pronounced declaration in favor of it made in a speech at Madison Square Garden a year ago, indicates how little principle guides the action of the Great Commoner.

Having heard the protests from his party and realizing that the prize he has been seeking so ardently was fast receding from his view, he promptly about-faces and says that government ownership is not an issue next year.

That is to say, Mr. Bryan does not purpose letting anything stand in his way for the nomination at the hands of the Democratic party. And the attitude of the Democratic press, ever since he made his plea for government ownership, has been so hostile that he hastens to retrieve. Only, we fear, the reason for this sudden change of front is so diaphanous that Democratic leaders will lose faith in the sincerity of the "Peerless One."

THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

Discussing the prevalence of crime which he calls a contagious disease, Dr. Isaac Funk, the well-known psychologist, says: "It is dangerous to give publicity to crimes. Why not make virtue a sensation? It is so rare nowadays that it has twice the interest of crime to healthy-minded people."

There is no question that crime is on the increase in this country, possibly in the world, and we believe with the doctor that this increase is due largely to the custom of yellow journals of exploiting crime.

Examine one of these newspapers, and you will readily discern that prominent positions are given to murders and lesser crimes and to accidents. Not infrequently the first page is a verbal picture of horrors.

It may be claimed that these news publishers are merely purveying to the popular demand, but we deny it. Rather the demand has been created by skillfully emphasizing the sorrows of the world. Subscribers thus acquired a morbid curiosity which became stronger every time it was gratified, and,like the man addicted to the drug habit, the victime soon imagined it was necessary to his peace and happiness.

As this disease grows on a person he loses his fine moral sense and the ability to estimate the true relation which the individual should bear to society. The single life becomes as important in his eyes as the many lives, and his sympathy goes out to the murderer who is under sentence of execution. He argues that the crime cannot be undone nor the victim be brought to life, therefore why should society avenge itself by taking another life? But that is not society's motive. Capital punishment is inflicted for the reason that the man who deliberately kills another has lost all respect for life and would commit more murders if he so willed. He has outlawed himself. Society is not safe as long as he is alive. Therefore he is removed for the good of society.

Employing the same argument he uses in the individual case the man who has pandered to his morbid tastes concludes that those guilty of lesser crimes are different from their fellow men only in degree. Their crime was not in the commitment thereof, but in the being caught, and why should they be punished? Presto, they are acquitted by a jury of these morbid people influenced by the argument of a morbid lawyer. Years and years ago a French writer named De Tocqueville ventured the opinion that the value of punishment was not "in the severity but in the certainty of it." We seem to be going on the theory that there is no value whatever in punishment, and so we smile at crime and pluck flowers for criminals. Some communities (we have one especially in our mind's eye) selfishly come to an understanding with thieves and cutthroats whereby the latter won't be molested as long as they do not ply their vocations within the sacred limits of the community.

And still some of us wonder at crime and deplore the fact that it is on the increase! The greater wonder is that there are any "healthy-minded" people left in the world to extol the virtues that were once considered essential to society's existence. A few more years of sensational crime exploitation, a little more progress in the direction of crime-condonation, continued insistence on criminal-worship, and we will be in a fair way to repeat the fall of the Roman Empire.

BANK STATEMENTS.

Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely has given officers of national banks a hint that precedent in the matter of calls cannot be depended upon.

It is the custom to make calls for five statements per year, although there is no law restricting the number to five. National banks are expected to be in condition all the time for examination.

This year there were three calls within the first five months, which would seem to indicate that the comptroller will require at least six statements during the year, the obvious purpose being to force a higher degree of conservatism on the part of bank officials.

A BLOODY RIVALRY.

Several months ago an automobile with two women in it left a point north of Harlem about the time a New York Central passenger train pulled out of the station. Of course there was a race and the engineer, who afterward testified before the coroner's jury, admitted that the road machine was gaining on him when it went into the air and landed in a swamp.

The women paid for the folly with their lives. Doubtless when they began the race they were traveling over a smooth road and the train was moving only at moderate speed.

The excitement increased with the pace and instead of realizing the unequal odds against her, the woman who was driving the automobile accepted the challenge which she imagined the engineer had thrown down. And she rode to her death rather than acknowledge defeat.

There is constantly an apparent race between the railroads and the automobile, although not premeditated, and we believe it is a close one.

It is a contest to see which is the greater man-killer. The train has a decided advantage in one respect. When it slaughters, it usually makes a wholesale job of it. No single automobile could equal the performance of the Pere Marquette excursion train which claimed nearly 150 victims, of whom over 30 are dead.

The government is making an investigation of these accidents with a view of locating and removing the cause.

Sometimes it is a defective track and again imperfect equipment. And it is even rumored that a systematic effort is made to withhold safety appliances from the market lest railroads be compelled to adopt them, but that seems too monstrous for belief.

Frequently it is due to the negligence or incompetence of employes and that is a question the government can afford to inquire carefully into.

But as to the automobile. While it does not kill as many at a time, it is a busy machine and demands victims every day in the year. What is being done to prevent this slaughter?

States, cities and villages have passed statutes and enacted ordinances, but they are either as dead letters or are loosely enforced. We in Toledo daily witness violations of the speed law and permit them.

It has been suggested that inasmuch as the traffic is interstate and many automobilists make extensive tours over the country there should be a federal speed statute. It is a question how the problem can be best met, but that it must be met cannot be disputed.

THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION.

Advices from Oyster Bay are to the effect that President Roosevelt is taking a real vacation from official duties.

Secretary Loeb is a good watch dog, and no person can pass him unless the business is of great importance and unless previous arrangements have been made for the call. The President is less accessible at Oyster Bay than at Washington.

Of course, Mr. Roosevelt is active, but his activity is not of an official character. There is less horseback riding, but more rowing and swimming. There are also camping-out parties attended by the President, his sons and nephews. To rid himself of surplus energy Mr. Roosevelt pitches hay and follows the Gladstone plan of chopping wood. It is a healthful, restful vacation, and when winter and congress come the President will be ready for another strenuous period of administering national affairs.

There are only seventeen people to the square mile in this country, and yet the car you want is nearly always crowded.

Mr. Bryan does not stand for all the things he stood for in 1896 and 1900, but he is still in favor of the presidency.

By watching what is going on in Korea, we may get some idea of what Japan will do to us after she has us licked and thoroughly tamed.

Worrying about the government's treasury surplus doesn't necessarily make a man patriotic, if some men do seem to think so.

While President Roosevelt now spends much of his time at Oyster Bay rowing, Mr. Loeb sees to it that nobody comes around to rock the boat.

Underpaid preachers could not be seriously criticised if they would devote more of their sermons to the subject of general prosperity.

RICH LOSE MILLIONS.

Enormous Shrinkage of High Grade Stocks Melts Fortunes.

Within the last six months the market value of securities dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange has shrunk substantially $2,000,000,000. With this enormous depreciation there is blueness in Wall street and a shrinkage in the fortunes of the rich throughout the country. New York has suffered acutely from the loss in values, and multimillionaires on paper have been reduced to modest fortunes of $300,000 of $400,000.

The financiers of New York and the allies among the rich have been the worst hit. The speculative railroad presidents and managers who bought on margin securities of their own and other companies, intending by market manipulations, increases in dividends, &c., to reap wealth without showing endeavor, are among the big losers.

It has been the Rockefellers, Morgans, the Harrimans, the Fricks, and that type of masters of finance who have seen values tumble and millions of profits swept from them.

The most substantial of railroad stocks and the best of industrials have melted in market price to an extent never before equaled.

One illustration may be found in Chicago and Northwestern railroad stock, a security always recognized as one of superior investment value, and generally owned by wealthy men and wealthy estates. The market price of the capital stock, comparing the high and the low of this year, shows a shrinkage of 67½ points, or a loss in the market value of the stock of $67,230,000.

That is a so-called Vanderbilt stock, though it has never been known as a speculative one. Distribute the loss over the relatively limited number of shareholders, and it becomes apparent that a great many rich men have reason to feel "poor." Even the preferred stock has shrunk 34 points, or over $7,000,000.

But in the groups of railroad issues, the Hill shares take the lead in the market value losses.

Great Northern, Northern Pacific and the ore certificates of the Great Northern show a total shrinkage, high and low prices compared, of $229,171,000.

Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul and St. Louis furnish rich men with heavy losses in these Hill stocks.. A few Chicagoans were especially heavy losers and among others the former Gates following was conspicuous. James J. Hill knew that his roads were earning much money, that times were good, and the outlook promising. Therefore there was much buying of Hill stocks and price boosting by coteries of speculators in the shares. A shrinkage of $229,000,000 in market value stands as the monument of the wisdom of buying those Hill securities.

Mr. Harriman and his two railroads, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, made a handsome total shrinkage of $191,562,000,, high and low prices compared. Union Pacific declined 62¾ points, meanwhile paying 10 per cent dividend.

Stockholders of the Atchison railroad got off with a loss of $37,000,000, while Baltimore & Ohio shareholders have witnessed a shrinkage of $36,700,000.

The preferred and common stocks of the United States Steel corporation are widely distributed. The extreme shrinkage in the two issues amounted to over $155,000,000. The loss in points, however, was not so great, being 10 on the common and 16¼ on the preferred.

The Standard Oil company shareholders experienced a severe jolt with a shrinkage of $68,810,000. The Amalgamated Copper company, which is owned by Standard Oil interests, lost in market value something over $66,500,000.

Pullman company shares had a modest decline of $31,135,000, while Pennsylvania railroad stock, a standard security, lost in market value $85,000,000. New York Central railroad stock declined $47,000,000. And thus the losses run through the list.

The heaviest declines were made on March 13, 14 March 20 and 25. But the big fall in prices came March 13, and March 24.

With no apparent reason the market for all these securities began to sell lower on March 13. As the prices declined, persons who had borrowed money, with the stocks as collateral security, were forced to pay their loans. They could only pay their loans by selling the stocks at the best price they could get. Then when people who wanted to buy saw the sellers were in a panic, they held off, wating for lower prices, and thus prevented the market receiving any support. The result was an absolute wiping out of fortunes ranging from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000.

That there has been no better recovery from the low prices than now obtains can be said to be due to the shock given security holders by railroad legislation in the different states and by the general feeling against corporations.

The men in New York who made and manipulate markets for securities have been the most greatly disturbed by the events mentioned, and, consequently, have been wanting the courage, and also the means, to advance the price of their stocks.

The previous fall in securities was in 1903. Then the shrinkage, compared with the high prices of the previous year, was $1,766,799,000. The shrinkage of stocks for 1907, covering substantially the same list as for 1903, shows a loss, therefore, of $204,697,000 greater than was shown on the occasion of the last previous panic.

The Patient Cottonwood.

One of the largest cottonwoods in the west was cut down not long ago in Ray county, Missouri. It measured 65 feet from the ground to the first knot, and made more than 5,000 feet of lumber. One of the largest and finest specimens is in the capital grounds at Topeka. It was a seedling which started in 1869, when the first wing of the state house was being erected. It was spared from the scythe and in twenty-five years attained a growth which gave its top a spread of over one hundred feet. This tree was a great favorite with the late senators from Kansas, John J. Ingalls and Preston B. Plumb, and it is as dear to the hearts of the "Jayhawkers" as is the Washington elm to the people of Cambridge, for the Twentieth Kansas regiment of volunteers not only assembled under this tree, but after making a record in the Philippines, the regiment and its intrepid commander bade farewell under its branches.

The cottonwood endures great extremes of temperature and when the roots can reach a good supply of moisture, it successfully withstands severe droughts. It is a fast-growing tree and demands plenty of light. On irrigated lands cottonwoods have been known to attain a diameter of fourteen inches in eight years.

The cottonwood is extremely easy to cultivate from seed, cuttings, layers or grafts. The commonest way of securing them is from the natural nurseries which spring up along the sandbars of the western rivers. These nurseries are killed each year by the inundation from the high waters but they are also renewed annually by the seed floating on the water. A thousand with roots intact can be pulled out of the sandbars, in the fall, in an hour. These seedlings are often planted close together in furrows and in this manner several thousand can be planted in a day by two men using a team and plow.—Philip Eastman, in The World Today, for July.

In Coils of a Python.

Mr. Cocklin, walking in thick grass near the Marion river, Bechuanaland, was thrown to the ground by a fourteen-foot python, which coiled round his legs and then tried to drag him to a tree near by, so that, by coiling its tail around the trunk, it might proceed to crush him to death.

When within two yards of the tree Mr. Cocklin got a hand free and shot the snake, which was so heavy that it needed three men to lift it.—East London Dispatch.

The Haywood Case in Brief.

The Haywood trial began on May 9, and it took a solid month to find a jury from among 248 veniremen. The state finished its direct evidence on June 21, and the defense on July 12. Then it took a week for the rebuttal and another week for arguments.

The case has been referred to as the trial of organized labor, for the Western Federation of Miners was the real defendant, the state picking out its rulers as the individual defendants.

The state selected William D. Haywood, who as secretary-treasurer of the miners' organization, was its real ruler, as the first individual to be tried admitting that its case was strongest against him. It was stated that if the charge of conspiracy to murder could be proven against Haywood, Charles H. Moyer, the president, and George A. Pettibone, formerly a leader of the big union, would then be tried. If failure was the outcome of the Haywood case it was intimated that there would be no chance of convicting either of the others.

The murder trial was the direct outgrowth of the fight over labor conditions in the western mines. This led to the organization of the Mine Owners' association and the bitter struggle for mastery began. Soon the country began to hear of vicious outrages at the mines. These grew in frequency and bloodthirstiness. Retaliation was the rule. The miners blamed the owners, while the latter tried to fix all the crimes committed on the union, although the west was full of outlaws. The labor struggle became so acute and so absorbing that politics was used. The first serious outbreaks began in the early '90s in the Coeur D'Alene district, Idaho, when a series of murders startled the west. The trouble ended by the militia putting down the strike.

After the troops were withdrawn the Western Federation of Miners was formed on May 15, 1893, and grew rapidly, and for years was almost absolute in Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Nevada, Utah and New Mexico, or was until the Mine Owners' association got political power away from it. From then down to the time ex-Governor Frank Steuenberg was blown up by a bomb, conditions grew rapidly worse.

After the dynamiting of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines in the Coeur D'Alene district, Steunenberg sent armored troops in and put down the strike. Hundreds of miners were herded in stockades called bull pens. Threats were made against the life of the governor.

On Christmas evening, 1905, Steuenberg was entering his home in Caldwell, Idaho, to celebrate with his family. As he opened the gate the bomb under the walk sent him to eternity. Harry Orchard, the second witness of the trial, had been loitering about town and was arrested.

After weeks of effort, Detective McPartland, of the Pinkertons, got a confession from the prisoner, which substantially was that made by him on the witness stand. That part of it relating to the union leaders was kept secret for a time. Orchard is still to be tried for the murder of Steuenberg.

Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, of the Western Federation of Labor, were indicted for complicity in the crime. They were arrested in Colorado and secretly hurried from that state.

PEANUTS.

We Are Importing Them in Increasing Quantities.

Peanuts are beginning to form an appreciable and rapidly growing item in the foreign commerce of the United States, especially in the import trade. Despite the fact that the United States produces probably 12,000,000 bushels of peanuts per annum, her exportations have been in such inconsiderable quantities that the bureau of statistics has only recently found it necessary to include peanuts in its list of articles exported. Meantime the imports have also rapidly increased and the total foreign commerce in this article in the year about to end will aggregate nearly $1,000,000, the imports having grown in value from less than $6,000 in the year 1900 to about $500,000 in the present year, while exports for the year will approximate about $300,000.

Prices of peanuts have also greatly advanced in the foreign markets, the average valuation of imported peanuts, based upon wholesale prices in the markets from which they are sent to the United States, having advanced from 1.1 cents per pound in 1898, to 3.4 cents per pound in 1907, for those in the natural state, and that of shelled peanuts imported in 1898 was 2.4 cents per pound, and in 1907, 4.5 cents.

West Africa and the East Indies are the principal sources of supply of the peanuts entering the international markets of the world. The exports of peanuts from the French colony of Senegal, on the west coast of Africa, were, in the latest available year, more than 300,000,000 pounds; those of British India, a little less than 200,000,000; Gambia, on the west coast of Africa, about 100,000,000; the Dutch East Indies, about 50,000,000; while China, Japan, Argentina, Spain and the United States also supply comparatively small quantities.

The striking feature of our own trade in peanuts is the rapid growth in importations. The quantity imported a decade ago, in the fiscal year 1897, was less than 150,000 pounds; in 1902, more than 1,000,000; in 1905, more than 5,000,000, and in 1907 seems likely to be about 12,000,000 pounds, of which about one-fourth represents shelled and three-fourths unshelled peanuts, the value being as above stated approximately $500,000 for the present fiscal year, while that of exports will be over $250,000.—Harper's Weekly.

TRANSPLANTING HUGE TREE

Yew That May Be 700 Years Old Moved a Mile and a Quarter.

Perhaps the most ambitious attempt at transplanting on record has just been made at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, and the results are being eagerly watched by botanists. The oldest yew tree in Germany, perhaps in the world, has been removed from the old Botannical Garden, which the municipality is about to use for some other purpose, to the new one. The distance traversed was about a mile and a quarter.

The tree was moved not on account of any special scientific value but for sentimental reasons. Its age is estimated by some authorities at 700 years, and it seemed a sort of sacrilege to cut it down without an effort to save it.

Preparations for the removal were begun three years ago under the direction of expert botanists. The principal operation was the clipping off of the tendrils of the roots to a radius of about six feet. This was gradually done, a few at a time, so that the tree might accustom itself to their loss. About the end of last May the colossal task of lifting the tree from its bed and placing it on a huge wagon constructed for the purpose was begun.

A sort of crate was built about the roots with the earth clinging to them as fast as they were laid bare, the tree being kept erect by guy ropes. When this was finished it was slowly pushed along skids to the wain, which was located in a trench, so that its floor was about on a level with the bottom of the crate.

The crate was about 13 feet square and 6 deep. The tree is about 66 feet tall and some of the lower branches had to be pruned to keep them from damaging the roofs of houses along the way. The weight of the tree and its packing was estimated at 90,000 pounds and to carry it the truck was made of enormous strength.

It was decided that it would be impracticable to put the wagon on wheels, as each one would have to carry a weight of 25,000 pounds, or more than German locomotive wheels are tested for. Besides it was figured that less damage would be done to the road by using rollers of American hickory. In places where sewers or other pipes were underground heavy timber beams were arranged to take the weight of the rollers for fear the conduits would be crushed.

The mechanical part of the transplantation was carried out triumphantly. The tree is still propped up in its new location lest the wind should blow it over before it gets a solid hold on the earth. It is watched and watered from day to day. It is not certain yet whether it will accustom itself to its new home, but there are great hopes that it will.

A Clerical Qualification.

A grandson of the late State Senator Shumway, when four years old, was given a penny with which to buy candy. Accidentally he swallowed the coin. His mother, more excited than the boy, said she must send for the doctor at once.

"No, don't send for the doctor, mamma," pleaded the lad, who had memories of bitter medicine, "send for the preacher. Auntie says he can get money out of anybody."—Chicago Tribune.

CURRENT EVENTS

Prohibition struggle in Georgia ho led to fist fight.

Women make big hit in Wisconsin real "hired farm hands."

Danish engineer discovers a process which beer is made from tablets.

Sweden is the most progressive co try in Europe in use of the telephone.

Only 35 per cent of Spain's 20,00 population are able to read and write.

Last year 31 large steel vessels w built for service on the great lakes.

Secretary Cortelyou is at work prep ing an authorized life of William Kinley.

Postoffice Department orders reduct of $1,000,000 in pay to railroads for car ing mails.

A 500-mile canal, projected to drain great swamps of Florida, would rec 6,500,000 acres of land.

Today India has 4,000,000 school c dren. Fifty years ago only 150,000 nat children were being educated.

J. N. C. Shumway of Taylorville, Ill. elected president of the United St League of Loan Associations.

When the chimneys of the Royal M at Berlin are cleaned, about $1,000 w of gold is taken from the soot.

Eastern roads persuade the Wabash withdraw its announcement of unifo 2-cent fares east of Chicago.

A new railway system for the south states is planned under the name Georgia and Florida railway.

Sydney Talbot, American in Lon put Osler theory to shame by living working until 99 years of age.

Senator Palmer P. Woods, of the isl of Hawaii is going to make on ef for the preservation of the Hawai language.

A movement for the erection of bronze statue of Gen. Philip Sheridan been started by the Irish Fellowship C of Chicago.

Kisses and money, resulting in lo morals, makes a combination, decla Rev. L. D. Bass of Cairo, Ill., w threatens America's life.

Dr. Isaac P. Funk says the epidemic crime now raging in New York spread like a contagious disease to o sections of the country.

A ton of water from the dead sea yield 187 pounds of salt; that from Atlantic ocean, 81 pounds; and from Pacific 79 pounds.

The golden crested wren is the smal of British birds. It is three and a inches long and seventy-two of t weigh one pound.

The postmen of Spain are unable read and write as a rule, and it is a c mon saying that those who treat the p man best get the most letters.

Gov. Hughes of New York gai prestige as a leader; many victories the spolesmen make him a growing fa in the next presidential race.

Robert S. Waddell suggests that fatal explosion on the battle ship Geo was due to the fradulent substitution inferior powder by powder trust.

Impeachment proceedings in Cong against Federal Judge Peter C. Pritch are rumored because of his decision the North Carolina rail rates case.

William Abrams Martin, the sole survivor of the 12 men who conv John Brown, is still living in Virg He has celebrated his seventy-fifth a versary.

The value of the india rubber impo into the United States during the year in the crude form aggregated 000,000. Brazil is the chief source of ply.

The deepest sounding on record was recently made in the North Pacific, w the bottom is 5,269 fathoms, or a less than six miles. The abyss is ca Nero Deep.

The United States maintains 3,77 sionaries in Japan, China, Kores Philippines, Burmah, Siam, India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt and the S American countries.

Edict of the archbishop of Tor barring "peek-a-boo" waists and sleves from church, is accepted and be enforced in Roman Catholic chur in the Kansas cities.

Governor Glenn, of North Car "stands pat" on the rate fight with S ern Road, scores Roosevelt's offe peace terms, and issues ultimatum the railway declines to agree to.

A dumb tramp has been arrested in Ill. for begging. He used a phonogr visiting private houses only, where machine poured out a heartrending of its owner's misfortunes.

The Hampstead (London) borough c cil has instructed a committee to bylaws dealing with street noises, pecially the intolerable nuisance of grinding and church bells."

A Chinese merchant of Pekin who convicted of murder was sentenc death by being deprived of sleep. wardens kept watch over him to kee awake and on the tenth day he die

Sir Hiram Maxim, the great en and inventor of the automatic

The Blade Churn

Something new in covers. A drop steel forged cover—will not split, warp or break. You could drive over it with a horse and wagon and not break it. No wood to split, twist or warp. No cast iron to crack, spring or break. In fact it is indestructible. Every cover fits perfectly. No leak. There is no other churn like it on the market. We will ship these churns by freight to our subscribers on receipt of prices named below. (We do not pay freight.)

Six-gallon churn by freight, and copy of Weekly Blade one year $3.25

Ten-gallon churn by freight and copy of Weekly Blade one year $4.00

Regular retail price of six-gallon churn is $5.00, and it weighs 31 lbs. Regular retail price of ten-gallon churn is $6.00 and it weighs 36 lbs.

Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

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The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

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These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose silver dime wrapped in tissue paper, once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dissolve of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

Child's Dress, With Yoke and Center-Front in One. Paris Pattern No. 1970. All Seams Allowed.

One of the smartest little frocks for child from one to five years is here illustrated. The yoke and panel combined is not only of the most becoming of styles when used without the

1970

embroidery, but when it is thus decorated it is the daintiest little garment imaginable.

The pattern is in 3 sizes—1 to 5 years. For a child of 3 years the dress needs 3⅞ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 42 inches wide; 3 yards of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Seven-Gored Box-Plaited Skirt. Paris Pattern No. 1989. All Seams Allowed.

The popularity of the box-plaited skirt continues, making it a close rival for supremacy with the kilt-plaited style. This is an excellent style for light-weight wool goods such

1989

as nuns' veiling, albatross, Panama or mohair, and for silks that have sufficient body to retain the plaits, such as taffetas, Shantung, rajah or Burlingham.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—22 to 32 inches, waist measure. For 26 waist the skirt requires 15½ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 8¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 8 yards 42 inches wide or 6¼ yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Jumper, Slipped On Over the Head. Paris Pattern No. 1991. All Seams Allowed.

This pretty over-garment appears to be a glorified suspender effect, but it is certainly one of the prettiest of the

1991

jumpers. Equally appropriate for batiste, pongee, rajah or Habutai, it develops beautifully in plaid gingham or linen or other tub goods.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the jumper requires 1¾ yard of material 20 inches wide, or 1 yard 36 or 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Surplice Shirtwaist, With a Removable Chemisette, and Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Paris Pattern No. 1932. All Seams Allowed.

That the rage for the crossed-over surplice effects has not entirely passed is plainly evidenced by the make-up of this delightful waist of violet chif-

1932

fon taffetas combined with silk crochet lace that has been dyed to the same color. It is a pretty model for any of the transparent materials over silk, as for instance, marquisette or chiffon cloth.

The pattern is in 8 sizes—32 to 46 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist needs 4½ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 2⅞ yards 36 inches wide, or 2⅛ yards 42 inches wide; as illustrated, ¾ yard of allover lace 18 inches wide for chemisette and armbands and 1 yard of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Shirtwaist, Tucked in Box-Plait Effect. Paris Pattern No. 1936. All Seams Allowed.

A favorite form of embellishment for a shirtwaist is the narrow stitched box-plait, and this latest development of that mode will win golden opinions. It would be a good model for Scotch flannel or gingham, or it might be

1936

utilized for pongenette or any of the summer silks, to be worn with a separate skirt of Panama or serge.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the waist needs 3¾ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Child's Plaited Apron, With Front Yoke. Paris Pattern No. 1957. All Seams Allowed.

For an all-over apron this little plaited affair made of red and white cross-barred gingham presents many advantages. In fact, in hot weather it might be utilized to take the place of a

1957

frock. A line of fancy braid ornaments the joining to the yoke, and a small patch pocket is on the left side of the skirt. The closing in the back is made with buttons and buttonholes.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—2 to 8 years. For a child of 6 years the apron needs 2⅜ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide; ½ yard of braid to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in illustration. In such cases, either an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

20 LIVES LOST IN FIRES

Four Disastrous Blazes in New York.

Coney Island and Long Beach Summer Resorts Visited by Fire.

New York, July 29.—Shocking loss of human life and destruction of property worth more than $1,000,000 were caused by fire in New York and its immediate vicinity in the 24 hours ending at 8 o'clock this morning. Twenty persons are dead and fifteen suffered from injuries as the result of the burning of a six-story double tenement in Christie street, and heavy financial loss resulted from the destruction of the Long Beach hotel at Long Beach today and the Steeplechase park and other property at Coney Island yesterday.

In addition, the steamship Hamilton, of the Old Dominion line, came into port yesterday with part of her hold ablaze. The Hamilton was at her dock before any of the passengers knew there was a fire on board. The flames were extinguished after about $15,000 damages had been done.

Looks Like Black Hand.

The explosion of a bomb placed, the police believed, by agents of the Black Hand, in an Italian grocery store on Christie street, started the fire which swept through the teeming Italian tenement and destroyed the lives of a score of people and injured fifteen others. The noise of the explosion caused a panic in the densely populated district. The police say that many perished in the flames fearing to escape to the streets, where they believed death awaited them from the dreaded Black Hand. A second explosion from a kerosene tank followed and the whole lower floor was a mass of flames from blazing oil. The fire shot up the stairways, cutting off all escape from those in the bed rooms above. Many rushed to the fire-escapes, which became clogged with frightened people. The house was filled with dense smoke, and the flames rushing up stairs drove the people toward the roof. The flames killed many as they were about to be rescued from the roof, while others were overcome by smoke. There were many heroic rescues by the firemen. The bodies of the dead were found in all manner of places. Four women were discovered in a closet, where they had rushed to hide from the flames, which found them out. The body of a woman was found lying over a child, as though she had tried to protect it from the flames. Five bodies were found crowded around one doorway on the top floor, showing that they had been struck down while trying to escape.

The First Fire.

The fire wave struck Coney Island yesterday, and before it subsided Steeplechase park, a score of hotels and many amusement attractions were in ruins and many persons were homeless. Then came the Christie street tenement disaster and today the Long Beach hotel was destroyed. The 800 guests were all in their beds when the flames were discovered, but all left the buildings in safety.

There was was no loss of life, and, as far as can be learned, no one was injured. The guests lost almost all their clothing and personal effects. The fire was discovered on the first floor shortly after 5 o'clock. Hallboys and clerks hurried through the smoky corridors and aroused the sleeping guests. The flames spread so rapidly in the great wooden structure that the guests had barely time to seize some scanty clothing and escape. They fled to the beaches and were taken care of by the cottagers. The hotel burned like tinder and within a short time was a smouldering mass of ruins. It was three stories high and nearly 600 feet in length, and when filled to its capacity housed 1,700 persons. The loss is about $200,000.

Million Dollars Loss.

In the Coney Island fire seven blocks in the amusement zone was completely destroyed. Tilyous' Steeplechase park, and nearly a score of small hotels were wiped out, and for a time the flames threatened destruction to Luna park and Dreamland, great homes of summer amusement, and the scores of smaller places which fringe the water's edge for a mile. A lucky shift of the wind to seaward aided the firemen and probably saved the whole picturesque area, but not until a million dollars damage had been done. Three persons were injured, one of them, Gottfried Messerli, a fireman, probably fatally.

Coney Island has had four big fires in the last ten years, the last previous one in 1903, "the steeplechase" on that occasion being swept out as it was yesterday.

Early yesterday morning George Frost, a watchman at Steeplechase park, spied a wavering trail of smoke coming from the "Cave of the Winds," one of the many shows in the park.

The alarm of fire woke up dozing Coney Island, and in a few minutes Surf avenue was jammed with frolickers, chorus girls, snake charmers, animal trainers, performers, amusement employes—all the miscellaneous population of the island, in fact. Clothed in a state of terror and little else, thousands fled through the streets. It seemed as though nothing could save the island from destruction, and hundreds of the inhabitants began to remove their household effects into the streets. The police order to clear the score of hotels near the Steeplechase park was quite unnecessary, for the patrons of these places had tumbled out of bed with the first alarm and fled to places of safety. The Steeplechase Park hotel, one of the first to burn, housed a hundred people, all of whom got safely out.

The hotels burned like tinder, and a few minutes sufficed to wipe them out clean.

Fire Eater Escapes.

One of the first to escape from his lodging place was Francesco, the fire eater. When things are calm and placid Francesco eats fire and breathes it forth again, all for a livelihood. Sometimes he is advertised to bathe in tongues of flame. But today's conflagration was too much even for Francesco, and he wisely gave way to the firemen.

Arthur Lee, manager of Steeplechase park speaking for Mr. Tilyou, said that the loss on the park, which was completely destroyed, would reach $1,000,000, and there was no insurance.

The hotels destroyed were small, and the property loss on them will not reach much over $100,000.

The police report three injured by the fire, Gottfried Messerli, a fireman, struck by a falling cornice; Sylvester Mead, slightly burned, and Frank Franklin, also burned. The Coney Island postoffice was damaged.

BEE STING CAUSES DEATH

Lockjaw Followed and Physicians Were Puzzled.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 29.—Lockjaw resulting from the sting of a bee ended the life of Ralph Foy, four years old, in the municipal hospital. The child had been under treatment for diphtheria. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Foy, who live in Kerper street, Lawndale.

Ralph ran to his mother about a week ago, crying, and said a bee had "bit" him on the back of the neck. Mrs. Foy applied liniment and thought no more about it.

Ralph's neck was very stiff the next morning, and a physician advised that the boy be taken to the Frankford hospital. There the lad was said to be suffering from diphtheria, and he was sent to the municipal hospital.

Diphtheria remedies had no beneficial effects in his case, and little Ralph went into convulsions and his jaws became locked.

ASKS AN EXPLANATION

Shooting at Ft. Brady Now an International Incident.

Soldier Who Carelessly Shot Miss Cadenhead to Be Tried by Court Martial.

Sault Ste. Marie, July 24.—There may be an international inquiry over the accidental shooting Monday night of Miss Elizabeth Cadenhead by Private Gillette at Fort Brady, who shot at an escaping deserter. Officers at the fort have declined to surrender Private Gillette to Sheriff Pipsett, pending orders from the secretary of war, to whom the accident has been reported. George M. Cadenhead, of the Canadian Soo, brother of the dead woman, said: "I have placed the matter in the hands of the proper authorities in the American government and asked for an explanation."

The Canadian government has engaged Attorney E. S. B. Sutton to represent the Crown at the Cadenhead inquest. Mr. Sutton says that he does not expect international complications, but will watch the case closely and send the record to Ottawa. The inquest was begun yesterday, but was not concluded. General McArthur, commander of the department of the lakes, has sent orders from his Chicago headquarters directing the Fort Brady officers to keep in close touch with headquarters regarding developments here.

To Be Tried by Court-Martial.

Washington, July 24.—All that is known at the war department officially of the killing of Miss Elizabeth Cadenhead, at Fort Brady, was contained in a dispatch from Captain Benjamin J. Tillman, company I, Seventh infantry, at present the senior officer at Fort Brady, simply telling of the accidental shooting of the woman by Private Gillette, while trying to stop an escaping deserter. It is understood that the detailed report of the case was made by Captain Tillman to General Carter, commanding the department of the lakes at Chicago.

The officers of the post are acting in strict accordance with general orders from the secretary of war, in refusing to surrender the soldier to the civil authorities. The recent decision of the supreme court of the United States in the Grafton case, declaring in favor of military rather than civil jurisdiction in such cases, caused the issuance of this order, which directs the military commandant at a post to immediately place under arrest the soldier who kills a civilian within the limits of a post in order to assert military jurisdiction over the offense. Consequently Gillette will be tried by court-martial instead of by a civil court, and as he cannot be twice placed in jeopardy of his life, if he is acquitted by the court-martial, that will end his responsibility. The fact that the unfortunate victim of the accident was a Canadian does not in any way affect the case, because the accident happened on the American side of the line.

WORK ON PANAMA CANAL

Shows Satisfactory Progress Is Being Made.

Washington, July 25.—The detailed report of the operations of the isthmian canal commission on the Isthmus for June last was received today:

The excavation in the Culebra division was 624,586 cubic yards against 669,365 cubic yards during May, and is more than three times the amount taken out in June, 1906. The report says that with 19,000 yards a shovel as the maximum output during the season, 16,000 yards a shovel cannot be regarded as a serious falling off when the excessive rainfall (13.34 inches) for June, is taken into account.

The chief sanitary officer reports that out of 4,300 white American employes there were only four deaths during the month, and out of about 6,500 whites, other than Americans, there were but fifteen deaths. Out of about 29,000 colored employes there were 72 deaths, making a total of 91 deaths in June, against 96 in May. Taking all deaths of employes together, only twelve deaths in June were due to what are considered climatic diseases—malaria and dysentery—and none of these occurred among the white American employes.

CURE FOR BOAT ROCKING

Plucky Young Woman Gives Escort a Lesson.

Port Jervis, N. Y., July 27.—Miss Fredericks, of Philadelphia, is a boarder at a farmhouse down the Delaware valley. Mr. Percy Springer, of Trenton, N. J., is a guest at the same place. He took Miss Fredericks boating on the Delaware river yesterday.

When out in midstream he commenced rocking the boat. Miss Fredericks objected to this and said: "Stop that; do you wish to upset us?"

"I thought I would scare you," Springer answered and continued his dangerous sport.

Miss Fredericks steadied herself and managed to crawl to where the young man was and gave him a box on the ears with such force as to cause him to lose his balance and fall overboard. Springer yelled for help and the young woman backed the boat near enough for him to grasp the gunwales. She rowed him to shore, until the water was up to his waist, and then, taking an oar, told him to loosen his hold and swim or wade to shore.

TEN THOUSAND VICTIMS

Of Famine Are Near Death in Jamaica.

Kingston, Jamaica, July 27.—The famine in the St. Elizabeth district is growing worse. The local government is blamed for not taking proper measures to prevent suffering. Gov. Olivier, who is investigating the situation, learns there are 10,000 victims.

A scandal has been disclosed in the Newton district of St. Elizabeth, where starving people, naked, without schools, and ignorant of all religion, have nevertheless been paying taxes.

One of the newspapers here predicts that Jamaica will become part of the United States, which will give Great Britain the Philippines in return for the island.

ANGLO-AMERICAN TREATY,

Signed in 1871, to Be Presented to Peace Conference.

The Hague, July 27.—At the session today of the committee on maritime warfare, Count Tornielli, who presided, announced the intention of Great Britain to submit to the peace conference the Anglo- American treaty signed in Washington, May 8, 1871, regarding the treatment of belligerent ships in neutral ports and waters in the hope that the other powers would adhere to this treaty and an international agreement thus be reached.

SIGN RUSSO-JAP TREATY.

St. Petersburg, July 29.—The Russo-Japan treaty on commerce and navigation and the fishery convention were signed yesterday at the foreign office. Both will be published after an exchange of ratifications.

BLAMES THE JAPANESE

For an Anti-Dynastic Movement in China.

Situation Is Regarded as Menacing to Russian Possessions on the Pacific.

St. Petersburg, July 24.—The Novoe Vremya today publishes details of an alleged anti-dynastic movement in southern China, ascribing it to Japanese instigators, who, the paper says, are busily preparing for the Manchu dynasty in China the same fate which has just overtaken the emperor of Korea.

Continuing, the paper says that in contravention to the supplementary provisions of the China-Japanese treaty of 1905, defining those regions where foreigners, including Japanese, shall be permited to reside, Japanese agents have worked their way into the most remote corners of the empire.

The keynote of Japanese intrigue consists in assuring the Chinese that Japan is their protector against the nations of the west, and at the same time reassuring the westerners that Japan is their vanguard against the Chinese peril.

The apprehensions of the Novoe Vremya regarding the reopening of the far-eastern question are fully shared in Russian military circles, where the steady armament of China and Japan is viewed with alram. This movement is regarded as primarily menacing to the remnant of Russian possessions on the Pacific.

CONFIRM DEATH PENALTY

Scores in Guatemala to Be Executed.

Guatemala City, July 27.—The supreme court of Guatemala has confirmed the death penalty on all those sentenced in connection with the recent attempt to assassinate President Cabreba and who had appealed their cases to the highest court.

On July 1 a dispatch from Guatemala stated that 160 citizens of that republic had been arrested on charge of complicity in an attempt to assassinate President Cabrera. All were taken to prison and subsequently many of the accused were sentenced to death. Among the men in prison were some of the most wealthy and prominent in Guatemala.

Immediately upon arrests becoming known the diplomatic corps at Guatemala, with the exception of Philip M. Brown, the United States charge, protested. No attention being paid to these protests, the British minister was charged with drawing up a note in which the trial of those arrested were characterized as a farce. This note was sent to the various governments having representatives at Guatemala.

On July 3 a dispatch from Guatemala stated that many of the minor political offenders recently sentenced by the courts had been pardoned, and that those under sentence of death would also probably be released shortly. It was also stated that Germany, Italy, Spain and Mexico had sent notes to the Guatemalan government courteously but energetically pointing out that prisoners under arrest for complicity in the attempted assassination were still held and that neither the civil nor military courts had taken any action in the cases, in spite of the fact that the time allowed by law had long since expired.

HELD BY FORCE IN A MINE

Foreigners Tell a Tale of Peonage in Ohio.

Cleveland, O., July 24.—Clad only in ragged shirts and overalls, their poor shoes worn almost to shreds, footsore, weary and famished, two miserable creatures painfully dragged their way into the Hebrew Shelter Home yesterday. They were Sam Goldberg, 22, and Charles Silberman, 26. They had tramped from a coal mine near Canton, where they claim to have been held practically as prisoners. They had not had a mouthful to eat en route. Goldberg and Silberman are natives of Odessa, Russia. To escape the massacre, about nine months ago, they came to New York. A man offered them work.

"Want a nice, easy job in a lumber yard at $3 per day and free transportation?" he asked.

They hired out. Instead of being shipped the short distance they expected, they found upon alighting from the train that they were at a coal mine near Canton.

Goldberg and Silberman cannot recall the name of the place. They were badly treated. A guard was placed over them, and their railway fare was deducted from their pay with other minor expenses. They were forced to buy supplies from the company store, where exorbitant prices were charged. The men claim that bread was sold at 10 cents a loaf, and other supplies proportionately high. At night they say that guards were placed over the men to prevent any attempted escape. Unable to stand such treatment longer, Goldberg and Silberman finally escaped.

NEW ISLANDS ARE FORMING

As Result of Volcanic Eruptions in Tonga Islands.

Sydney, N. S. W., July 24.—Reports, dated July 5, have been received from the Tonga Islands, saying that seven columns of volcanic eruption have been visible at sea for the past fortnight from the Island of Tongatabu, within an area of two miles. The eruption is accompanied by a continuous roaring noise and frequent explosions. Black pumice stone in large quantities was thrown as far as Nukualoa, the capital of Tongatabu, a distance of thirty miles. The Tongan government gazette states that land is forming around the scene of the eruption, and it is believed a new island is in the process of formation.

MAGAZINES ARE CLEARED

Powder on Battleship Illinois Immersed in Water.

Boston, July 25.—Following an inspection of the contents of the magazines of the battleship Illinois, which is undergoing repairs at the Charlestown navy yard, the sailors of the battleship were suddenly ordered to clear the magazines and immerse the powder bags in water. In a continuous line the men marched from the magazines to the dock, carrying bags of powder, which were at once placed in tanks of seawater. The officers of the ship refused to say for what reason the action was taken or whether any deterioration in the powder had been discovered.

FARMERS PRAY FOR RAIN

Long Drouth Causes Alarm on Long Island.

Eastport, July 26.—The long drouth, which has continued practically unbroken for a month on Long Island, is causing the farmers much alarm. Prayer meetings for the purpose of invoking rain are being held in the churches.

LORD CURZON CRITICISES

Great Britain's Colonial Policy and Officials.

Asks That an Imperial Council Be Appointed to Assist Administration.

London, July 25.—Lord Curzon, chancellor of Oxford university, speaking at a banquet given in his honor last night by the Grocers' company, after expressing the opinion that the trouble in India is only skin deep, strongly criticized

LORD CURZON.

what he described as Great Britain's "unscientific hugger hed mugger method of administering the empire."

He said that no country in the world had such a reserve of experience and authority in the art of civil government and made such little use of it. The colonial office, he said, was made up of permanent officials, many of whom had never set eyes on the colonies they administered, and asked why there should not be an imperial council of some kind to assist in their administration.

He apologized for speaking in behalf of the great unemployed class, to which he belonged, but expressed his thanks for the opportunity, saying that although he was unemployed he was not altogether extinguished.

Among the guests at the banquet were the American ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, and the secretary of the American embassy, J. Ridgeley Carter.

ON THE BRINK OF WAR

Nicaragua and Salvador in Fighting Trim.

San Francisco, July 27.—From the officers and passengers of the steamer City of Panama, which arrived from Ancon yesterday, comes the information that when the steamer left Acajutla, three weeks ago, the republics of Nicaragua and Salvador were on the brink of war. President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, had just given orders for the gunboats Momalumba, Angela and the Eleventh of July to proceed from Corinto to Acajutla, in Salvador, and after bombarding that port to land marines to join his army in an attack upon San Salvador city.

President Zelaya refused to restore the Salvador commandante's boat, which had been seized, and it is still being kept at Corinto. The refusal to return this boat to Salvador is one of the causes of the renewal of hostilities.

The United States armored cruiser Milwaukee and the gunboat Yorktown were both in the harbor at Acajutla looking after American interests.

NAVY SATISFIES JAPS.

No Change in Program, Says Vice Admiral.

Ijuin Knows Nothing of Intention to Build Warships for China.

Paris, July 26.—Gil Blas publishes today an interview with Vice Admiral Ijuin, commander of the Japanese squadron now at Brest, on the Japanese navy. Asked if Japan had not decided, in view of recent happenings, to enlarge her program of naval construction, the vice admiral replied:

"We have a naval program for several years ahead and we shall execute it punctually and rigorously, as do the great nations of Europe. But this program has not been enlarged in recent months and it stands as it did when originated by the admiralty last year.

"We are satisfied with the navy, and we believe this branch will be able to cope with all eventualities. The Japanese parliament, while refusing nothing for national defense, holds us rigorously to the naval appropriations, and these we never exceed. We are to build three warships of the type of the Tsukuba, but more powerful, and they are to be constructed in Japanese yards, from material furnished by Japanese industry."

Vice Admiral Ijuin knew nothing of any intention on part of Japan to build warships for China.

GERMAN TARIFF COMPACT

Contrary to Law, Says Protective Tariff League.

New York, July 26.—A declaration that the tariff trade agreement between the United States and Germany, recently promulgated by President Roosevelt, is contrary to law and to the policy of protection, was adopted by the board of managers and executive committee of the American Protective Tariff League, at a meeting in this city yesterday. A resolution in opposition to this agreement was offered by William F. Draper, of Hopedale, Mass.

It was adopted unanimously and will be sent to President Roosevelt, members of the cabinet and members of congress. It declares that although the customs administrative act provides that all ad valorem duties shall be assessed at the actual market value in the principal markets of the country from which the goods are exported, this agreement construes the market value to be the price fixed for export whenever the merchandise is sold wholly for export.

LIGHTNING PUT OUT FIRE

Which Had Been Started by Another Bolt.

Augusta, Ga., July 26.—The storm which swept over Augusta last night did much damage to property and played some queer pranks.

One bolt of lightning, which set fire to the Augusta Cotton factory, was followed by another, which turned on the automatic sprinkler system, quickly extinguishing the fire by flooding all parts of the building.

Large quantities of manufactured goods were ruined and the damage to machinery will be very heavy. Telephone, telegraph, electric lighting and street car companies suffered heavily and sewers and drains were greatly damaged by the flood of water.

PLOT AT BROWNSVILLE

Witnesses to Tell of Shooting Up of the Town.

Conspiracy Laid Bare by Marshall and Stewart, of the Constitutional League.

Washington, D. C., July 26.—Direct and positive evidence that Brownsville, Tex., was not "shot up" by the companies of the Second regiment will be given by several new witnesses who will appear before the senate committee on military affairs when it resumes its investigation of the riot in November. Further than this, these witnesses will testify that the town of Brownsville was shot up by an organized band of desperate men who have since that time been terrorizing the people of the town who are willing to tell the whole story.

This remarkable evidence, it is said, has been obtained after two parties of detectives have been driven out of Brownsville by the same organized band that shot up the town. Realizing that it would be dangerous to have the witnesses who are to make such serious revelations to the senate committee remain in Brownsville until November, they have been deported from the Texas town and are now hiding in a northern city.

Thrilling in the extreme have been the experience of representatives of the Constitutional League who have been making desperate attempts to obtain evidence for the people in Brownsville ever since the investigation has been in progress.

It is asserted that many witnesses could be secured to testify as to who really committed the shooting in Brownsville on the night of August 13, 1906, were it not for the fact that the town is virtually under the control of the organized band which did the shooting. As they tell the story, it would make an excellent plot for a sensational novel or melodrama.

To N. B. Marshall, of Washington, an attorney of the Constitution League, and Gilchrist Stewart, of New York, commissioner of the same organization, belongs the credit of finally securing witnesses by whom it is expected to prove the contention of Senator Forker, that the colored soldiers are not guilty. But the witnesses found by Marshall and Stewart will go further and name the men, who, it is asserted, are guilty of shooting up the town.

Mr. Marshal is a graduate of Harvard college and law school, and is a man of unquestioned integrity. He is likely to be one of the principal witnesses before the senate committee in November, as he will be able to testify from personal experience as to the desperate extremes to which the alleged conspirators in Brownsville are willing to go in an effort to spress the evidence in the case.

According to the evidence now in the possession of the representatives of the contsitution league, the purpose of inciting the riot was to force the government to remove the colored soldiers from Brownsville. The people of Brownsville had protested to the Texas senators and also to the President against the sending of the colored soldiers to Brownsville.

Failing in this effort to change the plan of the government, at several secret meetings plans were carefully arranged for the measures by which the soldiers could be driven away from the Brownsville post. Some of the more desperate favored a night attack upon the barracks, but the counsel of the more cautious prevailed and plans for a sham riot were laid.

It was thought that by this move the colored troops could be driven out of the barracks by the shooting in the town in such a manner as to create an impression that the soldiers were making an attack upon the city and the disturbers would thus be able to appear in the role of defenders of the city.

A dark night was selected and, disguised as colored soldiers, a crowd of Brownsville men, who delight in using guns upon the slightest provocation, started out to terrorize the town and draw an attack upon themselves from the garrison.

It was not planned by the leaders to kill anybody in Brownsville. The shooting of Frank Natus, the bartender, according to the view of the Constitution League representatives who investigated it, was the result of a fatal mistake. The bartender, it is asserted, was fully advised of the plans of the conspirators, and when the crowd rushed up past his saloon, he ran to the door with the intention of taking part in the "fun." He discharged his revolver in the air, but the rioters evidently thought he was resisting and shot him down. In the darkness, they were not able to recognize him and not until the excitement was over did they know that they had shot down one of their number.

The shooting of Lieut. Deminguez is laid at the door of one of the officer's political enemies, as it is known that there is a bitter feud between the two political factions in Brownsville.

The supposition is that one of the opposing faction took advantage of the excitement and shot him down in cold blood.

When approached for a statement of the evidence which is in the possession of the Constitution League, Mr. Marshall refused to disclose the results of his investigation. He frankly admitted that he had been working on the case for some time, and that he had made a trip to Brownsville, but insisted that it would be discourteous to the senate committee to make any statement as to what it is expected to be proved by the witnesses who will appear before the committee.

"I will say this much, however," said Mr. Marshall, "that if any newspaper will send its representative to Brownsville and thoroughly and honestly investigate the conditions in the town, and publish a faithful account of the investigation, there will be no doubt in the minds of the readers of the paper that the colored soldiers are innocent.

"This investigation should not consist of interviewing prominent citizens for publication, or in dining with state or city officials, but let the reporter work upon the case as he would on a murder mystery in the north, and I would have no fear of the results. But in making this suggestion, I wish to warn any paper which could send reporters to Brownsville of the dangers of the undertaking. They will find that Brownsville is ruled by an organized band of intimidators. The real 'conspiracy of silence' is in Brownsville, and not among the colored soldiers."

Mr. Marshall makes the charge that the conspirators of Brownsville are being aided by the federal officers in Brownsville.

LONG STANDING ROMANCE

Is Brought to Light by O'Shea's Will.

Boston, July 26.—The will of John D. O'Shea, of Lynn, grand trustee of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, who died in Philadelphia at the national convention, brings to light a romance that has lasted a quarter of a century. In his will he left $2,500 and his diamond ring to Miss Hattie M. Evans, of Lynn, a stenographer.

Friends say that 25 years ago O'Shea paid court to Miss Evans and that the admiration he had for the young woman was returned. When matrimony was proposed vigorous objection was made by the parents of both young people on account of religious differences of the families. Both the young people continued to live in Lynn, and it was known to intimate friends that it was because of their attachment that neither married. O'Shea left an estate valued at $30,000.

HAD ITCHING ECZEMA

Whole Skin Covered for a Year—Kept Sufferer Awake at Night—Tried Many Remedies, but Only Cuticura Proved a Success.

"I wish to let you know that I have used one set of Cuticura Remedies—one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura, but two vials of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. For a year I have had what they call eczema. I had an itching all over my body; and when I would retire for the night, it would keep me awake half the night, and the more I would scratch, the more it would itch. I tried all kinds of remedies, but could get no relief. Then I used the Cuticura Remedies, and I am very glad I tried them, for I was completely cured, and if I know any one who wants to know how I cured myself, I shall be glad to tell them. Walter W. Paglusch, 207 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8 and 16, 1906."

BY U. S. MAIL Send 15 2-cent stamps and I will mail to you one box of Syard's Roach Powder, guaranteed sure death to bedbugs, roaches and all insects. C. E. SPAYD, druggist, Toledo, O.

FIGHT TO FREE MACLEAN

Sultan's Troops Attack and Burn Town.

Will Advance on Other Villages in Effort to Destroy Raisuli's Influence.

Tangier, July 29.—The Shereffian troops have attacked villages belonging to the Kamass tribe, in whose territory the bandit Rasuli holds Caid Sir Harry MacLean prisoner. The troops burned and looted the villages, killing many of the inhabitants and taking a large number of prisoners. The government forces were completely victorious, but as the battle was fought within six hours' journey of where Caid MacLean is believed to be located, his position is regarded as more precarious than ever.

The Shereffian troops were under command of Caid Bouchta.

Having reached the walled town of Sheshuan on Saturday, the heads of the Kmass village met Bouchta and offered to discuss with him terms for the release of Caid MacLean. He declined and demanded the surrender of Raisuli. He then burned the villages and occupied Sheshuan.

Caid Bouchta, who thus far has been completely victorious, will now advance upon other villages in an endeavor to destroy Raisuli's influence.

The Sultan is mobilizing other troops to assist in the search and capture of Raisuli.

FAMOUS SOLDIER DEAD

Col. Figyelmessy Had Great Military Record.

Philadelphia, July 26.—Colonel Philip Figyelmessy, Hungarian patriot and soldier of fortune and friend of Kossuth, is dead at his home in this city. He was born in Budapest in 1822 and early in life became imbued with the revolutionary spirit. Briefly his military record is as follows: Lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain and major of the Bocskay Hussars, first division, second army corps, in the Hungarian war of independence, 1849. Major in the Sardinian army and aide-de-camp to General Kossuth in northern Italy, 1859. Colonel of the Hungarian Legion with General Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples, 1860. Colonel of the Hungarian Legion in the Italian regular army, 1861. Colonel and aide-de-camp in the United States regular army, where he served on the staff of General Fremont as inspector general, 1862-1865.

For his services to the United States he was made consul to British Guiana in 1865, remaining in office till 1888, and while he was making a new record for himself in America the Austrian government set a price on his head. Colonel Figyelmessy will be buried at Marietta, Pa., the birthplace of his wife, he having sworn that he would not return to his native land until it gained its freedom.

FLAYS ANTI TRUST LAW

Dawes Says It Discriminates Against "Square" Man."

Milwaukee, Wis., July 25.—At the meeting of the Wisconsin Bankers' association this afternoon, Hon. C. G. Dawes, of Chicago, spoke on "The Defects of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law." He said in part:

"The trouble with the Sherman anti-trust law is that it makes equally criminal an agreement in restraint of trade which may be for the benefit of the public, which may be simply for the purpose of preserving natural rights, which may be not injurious to the public. Take, for instance, an agreement among competitors to compete only upon pure goods as distinguished from adulterated goods—unquestionably in the interest of the public, and yet it is criminal under the Sherman anti-trust law today—as criminal as an agreement among competitors to combine for the purpose of extorting an unreasonable price.

"The result is that the Sherman anti-trust law today discriminates against purely useful, beneficial agreements in restraint of trade and encourages—directly encourages—injurious agreements in restraint of trade. It militates against the scrupulous business man; it militates against the good trade agreement and in favor of the bad trade agreement. It actually puts a premium upon a consolidation and concentration, up to a certain point."

MASTERS ARE NOT LIMITED

Court Allows Them Full Sway in Eddy Case.

Concord, N. H., July 25.—A hearing on the exceptions filed by counsel for Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the Christian Science leader, to the ruling of Judge Robert N. Chamberlain in sending the suit in equity brought by the "next friends" to be heard by masters with authority to take testimony as to Mrs. Eddy's competency, was held by Judge Chamberlain in the superior court today.

Under the ruling of Judge Chamberlain the masters were authorized to take testimony as to Mrs. Eddy's competency, covering as long a period of her life as should seem reasonable to the masters themselves. Mrs. Eddy's counsel, however, sought to limit the field of the masters' investigations to the question of whether the trust deed, executed March 9 last by which she conveyed all her property to three trustees, was valid and whether that deed was her voluntary act.

MERCURY REGISTERED 179

McGregor, Tex., Records Record-Breaking Heat.

McGregor, Tex., July 29.—The most terrific heat visitation ever known in Texas occurred here Sunday, continuing about an hour and twenty minutes. The thermometer registered 179 degrees in the sun and 117 in the shade. An area of three miles long and two miles wide was affected. The heat was accompanied by a peculiar haze which moved over the area affected. Scores of people were overcome. Horses, cattle, hogs and poultry dropped dead, one man losing 35 head of stock. The phenomenon has not been explained.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
This day, let me banish all evil thoughts from mind,
This day, let me do nothing but that is good and kind.

MONDAY.
This I learned from the shadow of a tree,
Which to and fro did sway upon a wall:
Our shadow selves, our influence, may fall
Where we can never be.

TUESDAY.
Faith share's the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

WEDNESDAY.
The test of your Christian character should be that you are a joy bearing agent to the world.

THURSDAY.
Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just.

FRIDAY.
Never bear more than one kind of a trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

SATURDAY.
Whenever you are angry, be assured that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit.

The Greatest Virtues

In response to a list of questions submitted to the M. G. R.'s correspondents, regarding the most desirable virtues that may be possessed by men and women, I have lately received the following letter. It is too long for publication in the M. G. R. column, and too good to be thrown away or shortened, and for these reasons it is published as a separate article. It is worth reading more than once, in the editor's opinion.

If by the word virtue is meant to imply any one of the many attributes of the human soul, then my favorite virtue is a well-trained will. Quoting from Haven upon the subject: "The will is that power which the mind has of determining or deciding what it will do." it is, in fact, that undefinable "something" in the soul of man which forever unites him to the Infinite, and which, as his mental faculties unfold, is pledged to ever lead him onward and upward through the illimitable realm of the unaccomplished.

The Creator has bestowed this wondrous power upon man alone, in order that he may unfold the glorious possibilities of his being, here and now.

Ours is a most marvelous prerogative, embracing the privilege to be or not to be, thus rendering us morally responsible beings. An individual having repeatedly fallen into the mire of sin and vice, may, through the exercise of this divine power, rise again and yet again to a higher, nobler condition, ever displaying some grand new spiritual beauty, some hitherto hidden grace of character. This process of growth is not unlike the sott, gentle, imperceptible unfolding of a perfect lily, which has pushed its way to recognition, up from the depths of filth and decay, into a living, glowing emblem of purity and grace.

The will is not a negative force to be subdued. It is a positive power to which add the knowledge that purity is heaven's first law; that the highest happiness lies in perfect obedience to this law, and man will stand revealed, as he is in very truth, the image of his Maker.

Professor Drummond says, love is the greatest thing in the world, which is literally true, since it is the one attracting, all-pervading force of the universe. Yet, it requires greater strength of character to always think and speak kindly of others; to be lenient towards the fallacies of our fellow creatures, simply because it is the right thing to do, than to grant love's privilege of prompting the gracious act, or checking the cruel word of censure. No one is capable of judging, by any standard whatever, the acts of another, as none can know what intricate mesh of circumstances may be woven about the actor's life.

Individual love is essentially selfish unless it embraces that God-like quality which floods the whole world with its warmth and radiance. So I would place Charity, either with or without love, as the fairest gem in the crown of glorious womanhood, rendered all the more beautiful, perhaps, because of its rarity.

Without doubt the greatest of all manly qualities, because productive of the most general good, is an active spirit of helpfulness extended to all alike, regardless of race or creed, and entirely free from all sordid desires as well as petty jealousies. We unconsciously influence for good or bad every life with which we come in contact. Therefore, there exist many ways aside from material means, in which humanity may be benefited.

Every true spirited individual spurns pity, yet responds graciously to that sympathetic fellow feeling, which earnestly endeavors to better adverse conditions of mankind, while its possessor retains a high moral standard of action for himself. This is philanthropy of the highest order.

LOIS ATHELLO BRISBIN.

THE GARDEN OF MISTRESS MARY

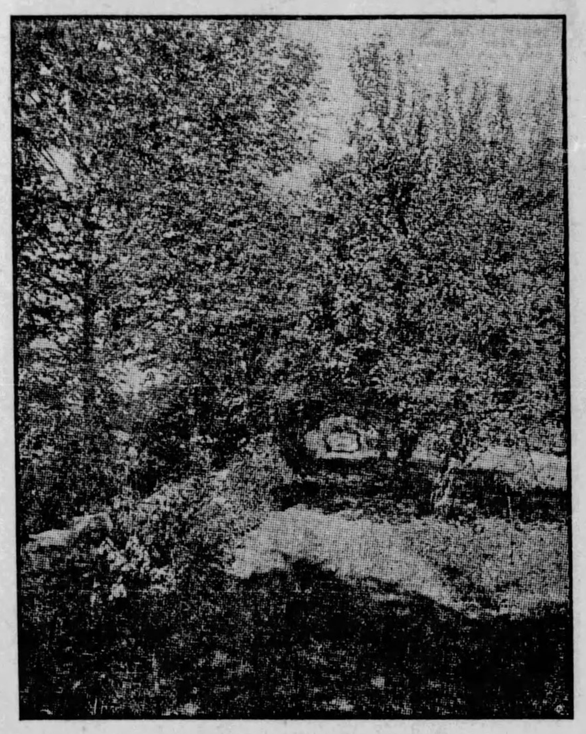
Three hundred feet from the street stood the house of Mary. It was not a vine-covered cottage, nor was it distinctive; it was just a remodeled, roomy house, with a deep veranda running around three sides. From the house to the street stretched a level lawn, with shrubs and trees irregularly grouped; a path and a driveway of gravel, lined with trees, were the avenues of approach. In the rear, the land sloped gently away from the house to a valley a half-mile below. Through it ran a brook, while beyond rose the hills, three lines of them broadening out for six or eight miles.

The real garden—the part that may be called the handiwork of its mistress—consisted of the near slope, the half-mile stretch from the house to the brook. Halfway down on the left, which lies toward the south, was the vegetable garden. It was a piece with the rest of the domain, lovely to look upon, and yet, like every other vegetable garden, it had beets, onions, potatoes, corn and pumpkins. But it differed from other gardens; for Mistress Mary had placed it where it formed the foreground of a splendid view down the whole valley to the north, and she did not try to shut it off from the rest of the garden by either a hedge or a wall, but made it a feature of her whole garden scheme.

Mary longed to plant and tend, and watch her garden grow, but always as an apprentice to the head gardener, Nature.

"There," said Nature, "is your work; make a path from your house to the brook; make it beside the stone wall, just under the apple-trees that I have been twenty years in growing; plant everything you choose along the wall, but mind you, uproot nothing. As for the wall itself, and the field and marsh near the kitchen garden, I will attend to those with your assistance from time to time."

Thus was Mary advised and admonished by Nature. She began her gardening and landscape work by laying out a grassy path from the steps of the veranda, flanked on one side by hollyhocks already standing against the house, and on the other she set some hydrangeas with various shrubs old and new, at irregular intervals on either side. There were barberries, beautiful in their perennial foliage, and scarlet berries in the fall, flowering quince, weigela, lilac, syringa, and other old-fashioned shrubs; there was a large old smoke tree near by to the right, and on the left, about one-fourth the distance to the wall, a splendid elm. Just beyond this tree, the busy Mary conceived the happy idea of putting up a plain, simple, home-made grape arbor. Emerging from this, the path followed the wall to the brook below.



THE PATH BY THE STONE WALL.

A stone wall is, in itself, half a garden, and this indeed was a rare one. It was hedged on one side with bushes, plants and ferns. Shad, sumach, cornel, hawthorn, elder, dogbane, goldenrod, asters, and mammoth brakes reared a background of ragged outline and changing color. There were blackberry brambles with their rich color to break the mass of green; there were great spikes of mullein and milk-weed and wild lettuce and feathery New Jersey tea; there was also the rank parsnip and Joe-Pye weed, blue vervain, thoroughwort and yarrow. From the trees and bushes trailed the bitter-sweet, the clematis, the graceful shepherd's purse, and the less poetic hog-peanut. These, with the wild honeysuckle, the woodbine, the grape and the ivy, nearly covered the wall throughout its entire length.

On the near side of the wall were the posies. Dahlias, golden-glow, and its cousin, the Irish rudbeckia, and hollyhocks flanked the wall; cherry-hued phlox, peonies of every hue, gladioli, foxgloves, Canterbury-bells, marigold, and zinnias rioted together harmoniously, and every sort of blazing yellow flower waved in the breeze. There was the iris in various shades of blues, purples and soft lavenders; there were also golden-throated white lilies, daffodils for May time, narcissus and old-time blue bells, and of course crocuses everywhere, and pansies and forget-me-nots peeped out at the feet of the sturdier blooms. Every season found this garden ablaze from the day the first crocus appeared in the grass, until the chrysanthemums yielded to winter, and all winter there was the bitter-sweet and the sumach with its rich hues.

But the real glory of this garden was in the over-arching apple trees under which the path extended through its entire length. Beyond the trees and away from the wall was a grassy drive, and beyond this a field garden. Here again were the dainty pink and white dog-banes, the meadow-rue; and the hardhack, in fact a repetition of all the smaller shrubs that border the wall; and scattered throughout the whole expanse were clumps of wild roses. Here, too, the blackeyed Susans were supplemented by the succory and the poppy. Mary also added to the native clover a goodly quantity of the exquisite pink-white variety, the crimson clover with its handsome cones, and the mellow sweet clover rearing high its spikes of white. A little lower down on the same side of this path, stretched a marshy field. Here all summer long, flamed the Indian paint-brush. Here, too, in the very first days of spring, were the rank vivid leaves and the pitchers of the skunk cabbage, and later the tiny sun-dew and the pitcher plant. The dry hummocks were favorite spots for azalea bushes, though it is said that they thrive better on the bank of a stream and with more shade. There were cowslips here in June, but not so gorgeous as in the swamp land, and crowning all was the marsh mallow sown by the Mistress.

Below, as one descended, was the deep, cool shelter of the wood, the gentle ripple of the brook and the songs of many birds. One day, in a half-hour's tour of the garden before breakfast, we counted sixty-three different notes.

A wonderful wood-thrush lives there, a genuine virtuoso whom hundreds would flock to hear if they knew, but this garden is too rare for common folk and so far has been kept something of a secret. At the end of the path on the bank of the brook was the tea house, where Mistress Mary dispensed hospitality. It was then the thrush used to sing. The brook was lined with blue curl and robin's plantain, and the shallows were thick with forget-me-nots, mint and water-cress, while the fern-lined grottoes were full of the purple-spiked habenaria, and in this brook were little islands, some rocky and others dense with ferns, grasses and flowers. The tough and tangled grape vine that roofs the brook, the sturdy hellebore and the brake and skunk cabbage that line its banks and struggle to overgrow the paths, can pretty well defy even such industry as hers, which, to tell the truth, is well tempered with solicitude for everything in the vegetable kingdom.—Ella M. Boult in Country Life in America.

WHEN COMP'NY COMES

Once Mr. Robson come to visit us,
En mama says, "Now we won't make a fuss,
Like you was comp'ny, but I'm most afraid
You'll git no dinner 'less'n I help the maid."
En I said, "Mama, what's a maid?" but mama, she
Just hurried out en didn't answer me.

En, dinner time, the spoons was just as shiny!
En we et off the plates that's made in Chiny,
Like it was Sunday. En Blossom, she says, "Oo!
There's olives en there's pickled peaches, too;
Oo, goody!" En I says, "There's lemonade
Out in the kitchen. Papa, what's a maid?"
But papa he pertended like that he
Was busy, en he didn't answer me.

En we et up the soup that Annie brought,
En Mr. Robson made a weeny spot
Right on the cloth, en I says, "Sloppy-slop!"
Like papa says to me 'f'ever I drop
Things on the table. En pa says, "My dear!"
But didn't say it lovin'. Sounded queer
En most like things you hadn't ought to say.
En Blossom says, "We got ice cream today.
The man just brought it. I heard mama 'phone
When she was in the li'bry all alone."
En I says, "Mama, is there macaroons?
En why has Mr. Robson got three spoons
To his place?—Two that auntie sent
To me and Blos—en this one I got
bent!"
En then he laughed en so I was
'fraid
Of him no more, en ast him, "What's
maid?"

En mama spoke up quick en says, "
dear,
I never saw you talk en act so que
You know it's Annie! Now do
your seat
En don't you say another word,
eat!"
En Blossom says, "Don't eat too mu
becuz
There's best things for dessert
ever wuz.
There's fruit, en nuts, en funny lem
ade!"

En papa said that children once
made
To 'have themselves, but Mr. Robs
smiled
En said he only wished he had a ch
Like us. En I said, "Well, why
you got
One then?" En jus' then Annie brou
The ice cream en dessert, en it
nice,
En me en Blossom had another slice.

En Annie brought the funny lemona
In bowls. En I says, "Annie, you'
maid!
En Mr. Robson knows you are, becau
We all heard mama say it twicet
was."
• • • • • • • •
En Mr. Robson went away, en then,
Annie was nothin' but a girl again.
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in The Wo
an's Home Companion.

A Smile Specialist

(Concluded)

"There was Tom Wentworth," Eleanor went on. "He was here on an errand last Friday, and his face was so hard and set I knew something must be wrong. At first he was dreadfully glum and wouldn't talk, but it wasn't very long before he started in and told me the trouble. It was about school. You see, Tom had been suspended until he would apologize before the school for some piece of mischief. Well, you know how stubborn he is; he declared he wouldn't apologize, so, of course, that would end school for him this year. He is in the graduating class, and expected to go to college next year; so his folks felt dreadfully. Tom felt dreadfully himself, but he had said he wouldn't apologize. I suppose the medicine I prescribed was pretty bitter, and I didn't expect Tom would take it. But he did, and the cure was complete. You should have seen the broad smile on his face when he came in to tell me about it after school. You see, he apologized, and Professor Curtis shook hands with him and was ever so nice, and the pupils all seemed so glad to see him back."

There was silence for a few minutes. The doctor's hand gently stroked the fair hair, and his keen eyes were misty. By and by he inquired: "And were there any more important cases?"

Eleanor nodded. "Oh, yes, there were ever so many more!" Then she laughed as at some funny reminiscence. "You know that queer groceryman on the corner who always looks so cross. Well, I made up my mind that he must smile. But it is too funny! You see, his smiling muscles have got stiff from non-use, and they work as if they needed oiling. I always want to laugh. But if I can keep him exercising them enough, I think, perhaps they will get in easy working order in course of time. His is a chronic case, you see, and we couldn't expect to cure it in one day.

"Then another one is old Mrs. Riley. It's just possible that she knew how to smile once, but she forgot years ago. I'm not sure but the smiling muscles are paralyzed. I've tr every every way I could think of get her to smile, but I haven't ha bit of success. I'm not going to g up, though.

"Now, Papa Doctor, you have d penance nobly, and I will let you r and read while I go and set the brea She flitted away, followed by h father's adoring eyes.

Several weeks afterward, both A and John sent word that they w coming home for a short vacation. B had become famous in a small w and their home town determined do them honor. The doctors of t town arranged a banquet in Joh honor, and the Woman's club plann a reception for Alice.

"Doctor West ought to be proud his children," the president of t Woman's club remarked during t informal discussion of the plans. "N many fathers can boast of two famo children."

"Don't you dare speak as if Elean was not the equal of the other tw Mrs. Rankin spoke up quickly w warm partisanship. "It is true o town is proud of Alice and John, bu believe we are all still more proud Eleanor, and I really believe she is ing even more to make life wo while than they are. Do not think am belittling John's and Alic work," she added hastily. "I am n I think they are both doing a gr work in the world, but I really th that Eleanor is doing a greater. S scatters courage and faith and ki ness everywhere she goes, and t world needs those more than anyth else."

There was a chorus of appreciat from every side. Each had a sto yes, many stories—to tell of coura and help received from Eleanor.

"Let's give a reception for Elea or a banquet, and have toasts and her know we appreciate her," imp sive Mrs. Sherwood proposed enth astically.

But Mrs. Rankin shook her head do not think we could express what feel toward Eleanor by banquets or ceptions," she objected. "It is so thing too deep and tender to be pressed in that way."—The Ch Magazine.

THE COZY CORNER

PIN MONEY.

There is no subject nearer to the average farmer's wife and daughter than that of pin money. While there may be every appearance of plenty in the home and about the fare, yet their own income for their individual wants is often limited to a small extent, and such twistings and turnings and contrivings to which they are driven so that one dollar shall do the work of two, are pitiful to behold. Yet, as a general thing, it is done with such hearty will and wholesome grace, that it passes by unheeded. The genius that will discover an easy or profitable way of increasing the income of a farmer's wife, would be considered a household fairy. In the beginning of married life, if she is wise, she has retained an individual interest in her marriage dowry from her father's home. I know it is often the case for young wives to turn over to their husbands every bit of livestock and money they bring with them, but it is very foolish; they still have to live, and are sure to long, now and then, for a pretty dress, a hat, or a bit of ribbon, or some other article so dear to the feminine heart, and unimportant to the masculine mind.

No woman, no matter how devoted to the object of her choice, cares to be a beggar of her own bounty, as is so often the case in married life. While the masculine woman is to be deplored, the little, meek, clinging creature is to be pitied. One-half of the unhappiness in the marriage relation arises from this very cause, and if every wife and mother in America would give a truthful answer, they would tell you that the first heartburnings and wistful longings for girlhood days and father's home were caused by the "beggar's alms," so often the only portion of the hard-working mother.—Mrs. Dora B. Phillips.

How about this, farmers' wives? What are your views of the question?

AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

I have often thought I would like to write something for the Cozzy Corner, and first I will say, I have been taking The Blade about four years, and I consider it the best paper of all the papers I take. The reading in The Blade is always interesting to me, and the Cozy Corner is very helpful to many. The Keynotes of Harmony are excellent, always.

May be I had better ask permission to enter the Cozy Corner, as it may be exclusively for women, but I think those pieces, Let Us Learn to Have Pity, and The Old Camp Meeting, were so good. As I read them, they awakened memories in me of boyhood days when I attended camp meetings in the woods of old Pennsylvania. As this letter is sort of introductory, and if I am permitted to write again, I will try to say something interesting. I have seen 62 summers, and 38 years of this time I have tried to live a Christian life. I could tell some interesting facts about the lumbering on old Red Bank creek, in Pennsylvania, that many now know nothing about.—S. S. Clepper.

You have a cordial welcome to the Cozy Corner. Every one is welcome, regardless of age or sex. Be sure to write again, and tell us something of those interesting memories of yours. —Ed.

MORE APPRECIATION.

I have never written to the paper before, but I thought I would try. I have taken The Blade for more than 30 years and it seems like a dear friend that I look for every week. I am a soldier's widow. I have two children and they are both married. I have four grandchildren, and I live in Illinois.—Mrs. Sarah C. Chambers.

You are certainly one of our many long-time friends. We are glad you wrote to us so that we may thank you for your friendship. Hope the badge reached you safely.—Ed.

CAMP MEETING.

I saw a description of an old-time camp meeting on the Household page, in which it was asked if such meetings still existed.

There are such meetings held at the Emanuel Home, near Covert, in Michigan. The old-time Methodists hold yearly meetings there. They have 40 acres with a fine maple grove, and every one is invited, white or black. There are white and black preachers, and everything is free to all, no fees of any kind, except board and lodgings, and the price of these is just enough to cover expenses. If tents are brought, ground to put them on and straw to fill the beds are furnished. Everyone is welcome.—Old Buckeye Boy.

ANOTHER FRIEND.

The Blade has been taken in our family for years, and like wine, it improves with age. The Cozy Corner—how valuable it is becoming, with its precious gems of thought! How we love to take a peep and then, perhaps, some new dish is added to our table. We do not hesitate to try any of the recipes, for only tested ones are given.

How I wish you might see my flowers this morning. A crimson rambler, trained to climb on wire netting, is at the front porch, with its many clusters, and at the side porch a sweet honeysuckle sheds its fragrance all around, while at the back, forty feet of sweet peas and forty of nasturtiums are in bloom, with a few old-fashioned pinks and sweet williams at one side. These afford opportunities for giving, that those of you in homes without room for flowers never dream of.—Grainie Sand.

We like the picture of your home, with its wealth of fragrant blossoms. Thank you for your recipes and Helpful Hints. They will be used later.—Ed.

A FLOWER LOVER.

While I have read The Blade for several years past, I have failed to contribute my mite to its most interesting feature, the Cozy Corner. I was especially interested in your recent issue on the subject of flowers, and am glad to know that so many are becoming interested in this subject, as I feel that with the exception of our little ones God has given us, nothing renders the home more harmonious and agreeable than fragrant and everblooming flowers. I feel that first on the list of flowers stands the rose. I would like to learn more of its habits, and of its best methods of propagation. We have recently purchased a new home, and have ample grounds. I intend setting out plenty of flowers and shrubs, and any information on this subject through the Cozy Corner will be thankfully received.—Josie.

I think a florist would be the best one to consult regarding the roses. There is a vast amount of literature published about flowers. You certainly have a public library in your fine city, where you could get books on flower growing. The editor wishes you happiness and prosperity in your new home.

"THANK YOU."

Many thanks to all the friends concerned in helping Ill. Ignoramus in finding the poem for her father, entitled, Solitude. The father enjoyed the idea of receiving the favor from Buckeye Boy, as he is also a Buckeye boy. The verse on Life was also highly appreciated.—Ill. Ignoramus.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

Several of The Household readers have been kind enough to send us home recipes. These we are very glad to have, because we can be sure they are good.—Ed.

Good Graham Gems—One quart of sweet milk, 1 cup of syrup, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and enough graham flour to make a batter that will drop easily from the spoon into greased muffin rings or gem pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven about 20 minutes.

Johnnie Cake—One pint of corn meal, one-half pint of flour, 2 eggs, 1 pint of sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful of molasses, 1 of melted butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt.

An excellent shortcake for utilizing any kind of ripe, juicy fruit—First prepare the berries or fruits by picking them over and washing them clean. Drain through a sieve, then put into an earthen bowl and bruise the fruit with a potato masher. Cover with a thick layer of white sugar. Set aside till the cake is ready. For the cake, take a quart of sifted flour, one-half cup of butter, 1 well beaten egg, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and milk enough to make a rather stiff batter.

Knead well, and roll with rolling pin till about 1 inch thick. Put in baking pan and bake till brown. When done, remove to table. With a sharp knife, cut through it, and lay it open a few minutes for steam to escape, then set the bottom crust on a platter, cover thickly with the fruit. Lay the top crust over, dust thickly with powdered sugar, and if there is any juice left, pour it around the cake, not over it, and you will have a delicious shortcake.—Hans' Wife.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Yankee Girl:—Thank you for your letter. I will try to put you in communication with Yellow Rose. The other part of your letter will be forwarded to the one for whom it is intended.

A Sister in Sympathy:—Your "humble thoughts" are very acceptable and will appear in this column before long.

Mrs. Mary J. Vanosdall:—We have your good letter, and shall certainly use it. Thank you.

Letters from Dora B. Phillips and from "A Shut In" have been received. They will be given attention as soon as our space and time allows.

S. A. Carpenter:—Your letter has been forwarded to the one in need. You were very kind to write.

Letters are received from Ideala, J. N. McLeod, Mrs. E. P., and Contented Wife and Mother, just in time to be acknowledged in this issue.

Will those who send letters to the Household Page kindly remember to write on one side of the paper only?—The Editor.

Home Hints

It is just as easy to face the world and its people with a smile as with a frown. The cheery woman finds that she can be a comfort to others and do good service in various helpful ways—social, personal and charitable. Mothers soon learn that she is one of their faithful aids. Little children love her, as she enters their amusements and sympathizes with their small griefs. Young men and maidens confide their pretty secrets to her discretion, and older people enjoy the delicate attentions she delights to bestow.

The people in all lines of duty who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried. Duties never wildly chase each other in their lives. One task never turns another out, nor ever compels hurried, imperfect doing. The calm spirit works methodically, doing one thing at a time well, and it therefore works swiftly, though never appearing to be in haste.

For people who keep hens, there are many ways of preserving eggs, while cheap, to be used when eggs are high. One of the simplest and best is to get fresh bran, pack the eggs carefully in this, so that they do not touch, and they will keep perfectly fresh for nine months or a year, if fresh when packed. This a good thing to know when eggs only bring 10 cents per dozen, as at some seasons of the year they are 40 cents per dozen.

Blood Stains: Wash in soap and tepid water, or rub on cold, raw starch and allow it to dry.

Grass Stains: Soak in alcohol, kerosene or molasses.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Dear M. G. R.'s—It is pretty near time for my second year of membership to expire, I believe, so I suspect I must be sending my yearly dues.

First I must answer Buckeye Mother's inquiry. India was to have been my destination, and for that reason I chose it as my "nom." However, matters have been changed and instead I am going to Mexico.

I have only seen The Blade a few times in the past few years. For two years I have been teaching away from home. My summers I have spent either in school, or clerking in some store, so I haven't been able to keep up as I would have liked to do.

Now for Miss Prudence's question. I believe that the virtue I admire most is honesty. Not alone in financial matters but in opinions, incidents related, dealings with one another, social matters, life in detail. Absolute, unwavering honesty is rare.

The quality I admire most in women, is womanliness. By this I mean, that extra sense that seems to be in some women, by means of which they touch the lives around them with a sweet, wholesome influence. One is better even for having worshipped beside such a woman though she is an entire stranger.

Of my ideal man I have always required two things, and together they make the quality I admire most in men. First, that he be a Christian. Second, that he be a gentleman. At first thought the one seems to be included in the other, but I happen to know a man who is a Christian in the absolute sense, in thought, word and deed, who, because of his entire environment, through no fault of his own, lacks those little trainings that round out a man's deportment. Therefore, I have added the second.

I don't know what my greatest failing is. I really don't. I think probably that it is selfishness.

I want to wish you all good fortune in your lives before I close. When you read this I shall be out of our own dear country. Not far, but out of Uncle Sam's dominions.—India.

We are glad you wrote before you went over the border. The little picture you sent, looks good to me.—Ed.

In a combination letter to the M. G. R. and the Cozy Corner, Bessie K. Lee writes: In regard to favorite virtues, I think the men will nearly all say "modesty," with a capital M. While I think modesty is as sweet in a man as a woman, New England Girl thinks love is the crowning virtue, and I believe all we women will agree with her.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—May I pay all back dues and be reinstated as a member? As usual, most of my time has been spent "amidst hospital walls," but even a nurse grows tired once in a while, so for over a year I have had to rest.

In regard to the question "before the court," I admire all virtues, but my favorite ones are honesty and purity. I admire in a woman, purity. In a man, honor. My weak point is losing my temper, though temper is something a nurse should have under control. However, for all who may wish my service I will say, I am never cross to my patients. I hope you have not all forgotten.—Cara Mia.

I am glad that you came back to be forgiven, also that you brought your likeness with you. Come again as soon as you have the time.—Ed.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I am so much interested in those questions before us for discussion, that I will attempt to give you my answer in a brief form. My favorite virtue is patience. Patience has been defined as the courage of virtue, and it is patience which closes the lips against all complainings and waits. It is a noble thing to act, but it is a nobler thing to wait. Patience is a higher and grander virtue than the world has ever acknowledged. It is the grandest representative of our God. The American child has much to learn in this respect from English and German children, especially the latter. The Germans are the world's models of patience. "Learn to labor and to wait."—Besse.

Several applicants for admission to the M. G. R. have been waiting a long time for recognition. Lack of space has caused the delay. We regret that the following interesting letter from Tennessee should not have appeared before.

I have been a reader of the M. G. R. for quite a while, and have been waiting to see something from this vicinity, but thus far have failed.

Sometimes I think, perhaps, that our country is so unimportant there is nothing that would interest anyone regarding it. Again, I look around and see the beautiful hills and valleys, the springs rippling down their course, and some of the loveliest birds singing their sweet songs, which seem to say nature has blessed them with the most magnificent forests in which to flit and sing the stillness into life.

We have in early spring, flowers sending their fragrance into the calm, balmy air, gladdening the very heart of every lover of flowers. The ruggedness of our country is not enjoyed as it should be, but "each bitter has its sweet." The soil is very fertile. All kinds of vegetables that we use can be raised. The fruit, such as apples, peaches and plums can hardly be beaten. Last, but by no means least, we have the most hospitable people on earth.—R. M. Pryor.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—Will you admit an Oregon sheep herder to your merry circle? I enjoy reading your letters very much. This is quite a different country from old North Carolina, the country I was raised in and left two years ago. I like to be in these mountains in the summer, where the wind blows so pleasantly I can look southward and see the mountain tops, covered with snowdrifts, and I can look north and see the beautiful valley along the river, and then I lie down in the shade of a juniper tree and the birds sing me to sleep. When I wake, the birds have ceased to sing and everything is still, even the wind has stopped blowing. This stillness makes me feel lonesome, till I take from my pocket The Toledo Blade and read the letters in the M. G. R. from those happy girls.

You surely are one of us. "Those happy girls" will be glad to know their letters have helped you in your loneliness. —Ed.

Remarks by Miss Prudence.

Letters are received from A Hoosier Rustic, Bonnie, Lula May Kelton, Industrial Girl, A Tennesse Girl, Edna of Vermont, Ruth, Dew O'June, Dorsey Albert Payne, James McKinley Payne, Telegrapher, M. A. S., Gay, Cecil Lorne, Pedagogue, Lyndal Fern, Farmer John, Country Rosebud, Geneva, Gwendoline, California Kitten, Country Lad, Bessie K. Lee, Brown Eyes and Jenny.

Miss Prudence wishes to say "thank you" to the several new members of the M. G. R. who have sent for badges. She hopes they reached everyone safely and that they were liked.

Country Lad—We liked your letter descriptive of West Virginia and shall give it space in the near future.

Buff:—A new member who calls herself Gwendoline recommends Shepherd's Dance and Dream of You as pretty duets for the violin.

So many excellent letters are arriving in answer to the first list of questions, that the second list will not be published at present, though it will surely come later.

Will anyone object if Miss Prudence remarks as a gentle reminder that "waste," as applied to waste paper basket, is not spelled "waist?"

Bessie K. Lee:—The part of your letter not used in this column will appear in the Cozy Corner. Thank you for the reflection of "your face."

Several of the members of the M. G. R. who have written for badges say they are going to Jamestown, and hope to see other members of the circle there. Miss Prudence would like all those who are going and who have badges, to be sure and wear them, so that you may know each other by the Silver Sign.

A personal letter from Florida Old Man contains this interesting bit of information: "I have just returned from Saratoga and Jamestown. I did not see any badges except my own, but was recognized by my badge by quite a number of Blade readers after my letter had been published."

Of course, it was your gold M. G. R. badge that did it. Why don't you write and tell us your impressions of the exposition? In the M. G. R. letters that are awaiting publication, wishes are expressed to hear from you again.

Ruth:—You are admitted to "our midst." When you write an account of how you manage your family of six, send your letter to the Cozy Corner, as it is in that department we attend to such matters. We hope to hear from you soon.

E. V. Caudry—I do not find your story quite suitable for the M. G. R. If you wish it returned please send stamps.

Lonesome Rustic:—I liked your letter, but you forgot to sign your real name. The name is not for publication, but it is a newspaper law never to publish anything to which the writer's true name is not attached.

THE POETS' CORNER

The editor wishes to thank the many subscribers of The Weekly Blade who have written to express their approval of our new department, The Poets' Corner. To make clear its purpose we will again explain it.

The Poets' Corner is a sort of "lost and found" poems, songs and quotation department. Suppose you know a verse or a line of a poem or song, but you do not recall any more of the words or the name. You send to the Household page the line or verse you remember, with a request for the rest of it and the author's name. This request is printed. Someone sees it who knows the poem you have forgotten, and is kind enough to copy it and send it in. This is published in The Poets' Corner, and you learn what you want to know.

In order that the department may be a success, the editor wants all those who are interested to take part, and when they know the poems for which requests are published to send them in promptly. This will be much appreciated. Address The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., placing in the lower left hand corner of the envelope "Household Editor."

Eleanor M.—The name of the poem you requested is Little and Great. The author was Charles Mackay, a noted Scotch editor and writer, born in 1814. He died in 1889. The entire poem as sent by "Maria," is this:

A traveler, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased at heat of noon
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
We walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old and yet 'twas new.
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo, its life became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great,
A watch fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from his heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

The following amusing poem is sent by one of our contributors. It is entitled A Familiar Song:

In the good old summer time,
There's a song heard in the land.
It is neither fine nor noble,
It is neither great nor grand.
But the burden of the song is this,
'Tis sung by rich and poor:
"Why, tell me why,
Can't you shut the screen door?"

The busy housewife pauses,
In her work through the day,
Then lifts her voice in protest,
And this I hear her say:
"Do not ope the door to talk,
Can't you see through the wire?"
She pleads, she commands,
In tones that never tire.

And I think of good St. Peter,
In that land of endless day,
(It must be always summer there,
It can be no other way),
And of the countless thousands,
Who through those gateways pour,
Does Peter have to say to them,
"Shut that screen door!"
—B. M.

The editor has an idea that these verses were inspired by a letter which appeared in the Cozy Corner of July 11, over the signature "Lonely Mayme."

Poor little girl so lonely,
Early thy trials appear.
But bear them up to the throne of grace,
Jesus, thy trouble will share.

Poor little girl so lonely,
Dear ones are left in thy care,
Lead them tenderly, prayerfully,
Jesus thy burden will bear.

Poor little girl so lonely,
Mother is watching o'er you,
Watching and waiting at the open gat
That leads to the beautiful shore.
—Mrs. A. A. R

POEMS REQUESTED.

Can someone kindly furnish me t words of the beautiful old poem t mother used to sing so sweetly, co mencing:

There is a spot to me more dear,
Than native vale or mountain.
A spot from which affection's tear,
Springs gently from the fountain.
It is not where kindred souls abou
Tho' that is almost heaven,
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.
—A. G. W

Can some reader furnish me words of an old song describing in quaint verse of the time the ba between the Constitution and Guer in the War of 1812? One verse r something like this:

Then said Hull unto his crew,
Let's show what we can do,
Come clear the ship for action, and
handy O,
On the weather gauge we'll get he
And to make the fight the better,
We'll give to them gunpowder mi
with brandy O.
—T. of Kentucky

Does anyone know the words to negro dialect poem in which the "Run 'long to school ma honey" be and finished each verse?—Eliza M quess.

Can anyone sent the words of Maple on the Hill?—Bernice.

ANSWERS TO QUOTATIONS.

The lines—
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
Are the last verse of Longfello Psalm of Life.—T. S. Gunn.

The quotation—
Who sees with equal eye, as God of
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall?
Atoms or systems into ruins hurled
And now a bubble burst, and now
world.
Is from Pope's Essay on Man
Jacob W. Billman.

NEW QUOTATION.

Who wrote—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bou
bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hu
in the well.

Who wrote?
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting had grown rus
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

It may be that all the poems songs asked for cannot be found, you may be sure it will not be for l of trying. Do not fail to send in verses inquired for, if you know words.—Ed.

MILLIONS ARE STARVING IN CHINA

In Their Dire Distress Some Chinese Have Practiced Cannibalism.

New York, July 29.—Pitiful tales of the famine in China, where fifteen million natives in the hunger-stricken provinces along the Yang-Tse-Kiang river have undergone the ravages of slow starvation, until death or the relief expedi delivered them from their sufferings, are told in letters which have just been received at the Presbyterian board of foreign missions here from William H. Gleysteen, who headed a relief expedition from Peking. Mr. Gleysteen spent some time in the famine zone, where he says thousands of Chinese, reduced to abject want, existed for months on the bark of trees and weeds. There were reports in the cities that in their dire distress some Chinese practiced cannibalism. So great was the task of aiding the starving millions that sometimes only the able-bodied starving were helped, for thousands were so wracked with starvation that they were marked to die and temporary relief would have only prolonged their misery and have availed nothing. Food and funds recently hurried into China from Europe and America have aided wonderfully in alleviating the distress.

Mr. Gleysteen said the work of relief was principally effected by employing thousands of Chinese in canal digging. Payments for work done were made in tickets for flour. Hundreds of women found employment in the canal trenches and many of them worked better than the men. Those who were sick and feeble and unable to work were visited at their homes and aided.

CRIPPLES CURED AND BLIND NOW SEE

Thousands of Persons See Astonishing Cures Made by Prayer at Shrine.

Kankakee, Ill., July 27.—Thousands of persons attending the nine days' session of the novena at the shrine of St. Anne, today saw several persons arise in St. Joseph's church and announce that they had been healed of infirmities.

Miss Mary Pierce, 18 years old, of Delphi, Ind., said that she had been afflicted with paralysis for four years, during which time she said she had been unable to walk. She left the church without support.

Miss Daisy Lamond, of Kankakee, almost blind for thirty-two years, she said, was able to read without glasses at the close of nine days of prayer.

George Neary, of Lost Nation, Iowa, and Michael McCormick, of Kinsman, Ill., both said they had been cripples from childhood. They walked from the church yesterday, and said it was the first time they had walked since infancy.

DISPATCHER TO BLAME

Testimony at Coroner's Inquest Shows It.

He Could Have Prevented the Horror at Salem on the Pere Marquette.

Northville, Mich., July 25.—An inquest to determine the responsibility for the deaths of 32 people in the Pere-Marquette wreck last Saturday at Salem, Mich., began here yesterday before Justice of the Peace Chas. M. Joslin.

Marcus Bonsell, train dispatcher at Detroit for the Pere Marquette Railroad, stood his ground firmly when Assistant Prosecuting Attorney James Robison attempted to attach great significance to his admission that he could have stopped the passenger excursion either at South Lyon or Salem, knowing that the local freight had passed Plymouth, but Bonsell declared that he had no thought of such a thing as he was satisfied that the freight crew had orders giving them the time of the excursion train. The witness admitted, in answer to questions, that he considered it indifferent work that Operator Sayres had done at Plymouth in copying the freight train's orders. In reply to a direct question, and with the train order before him, he said that the dotted line running across the sheet from the town of Salem struck the column of figures "betwixt and between" the figures 9:10, intended for the excursion's time at Salem and the figures 9:25 intended for the excursion's time at Plymouth. The freight crew unluckily read this order 9:25 at Salem.

Attorney Gelmer Knipel, of Grand Rapids, for the Pere Marquette Railroad, and Attorney F. A. Latting, of Grand Lodge, in behalf of Conductor Hamilton, of the freight train, cross-examined Dispatcher Bonsell. Attorney Knipel showed a disposition to hold the freight crew responsible, while Attorney Latting bore down on Bonsell's admission that he could have stopped the excursion train at South Lyons if he had thought of any possibility of a wreck.

SLANDER ON AMERICANS

To Say Jews Contaminate the Population, Says Ochs.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 24.—The fourteenth annual assembly of the Jewish Chautauqua society opened here yesterday with a large attendance.

George W. Ochs, the president, opened the proceedings with an address, in which he discussed the immigration question with reference to the Jews, and declared that the wail that our population is in danger of contamination and decadence by the infusion of hundreds of thousands of Jews annually "is a slander on the sturdiness of American character and preposterous in the light of past history."

He held that there was no danger of over-population, but that the distribution of the new citizens was the great problem, the North Atlantic states having within their borders at present about 50 per cent of the foreign-born population and 75 per cent of the Jewish.

Mr. Ochs argued that hostility to the Jews was racial rather than religious and due to non-assimilation, isolation, difference of habits, etc. He concluded by pointing the way for the Jews to retain and win respect and to be a part in the city and state under the teachings of the Chautauqua society.

WILL SEE THE PRESIDENT

Korean Delegates at The Hague Coming to America.

London, July 24.—Two members of the Korean delegation that was refused recognition by The Hague peace conference, Yi Tjyongoui and Prince Yi Tjying Chi, left Southampton today on board the steamer Majestic for New York. In an interview Yi Tjyongoui said:

"I shall travel direct to Washington, where I hope to see President Roosevelt. It is my intention to show America that Japan made its treaty of November, 1905, without the consent of the emperor of Korea or the cabinet, and that Korea never gave up her independence or consented to the Japanese protectorate."

The two Koreans propose to visit the principal cities of the United States before returning to London. They have not talked with any government official here.

POOR WRITING IS BLAMED

Latest Excuse for the Awful Pere Marquette Disaster.

Detroit, July 24.—Conductor Hamilton, of the Pere Marquette freight train that was in the fatal wreck at Salem, Saturday, was released from custody yesterday afternoon. Prosecuting Attorney George F. Robison said that no formal charge had been made against Conductor Hamilton charging him with causing the wreck and no charge would be made. Examination of the train orders showed that the lines of the order were crooked and that the line leading from the word Salem might easily seem to lead to the figure 9:25, which really was the time the excursion train was due at Plymouth.

IMMIGRATION LAW TEST

State of Louisiana to Import Cuban People.

Understanding Had With Government and Case Goes to Supreme Court.

New Orleans, July 25.—Louisiana will make a test of the federal immigration laws so far as they involve the right of a state to promote immigration and to furnish the means by which immigrants are enabled to make the passage to this country.

Reginald Dykers, immigration agent of the Louisiana state board of agriculture, headed a party which left for Cuba yesterday for the purpose of advancing money to the inhabitants of that island who are willing to come to Louisiana to make their homes. An amicable understanding has been made with the federal authorities at this port and it is believed the case will be carried into the courts and a test made. The case is attracting the attention of leading railroad and state officials, who declare that on this proposed test will hinge one of the principal problems of the South.

PEACE ENVOYS SCORED

William T. Stead Delivers a Serious Indictment.

Says Great Britain Has Given Leadership to United States and Germany.

London, July 29.—William T. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, who has been conducting a publication at The Hague devoted to peace conference matters, when interviewed on the progress of the peace conference, delivered a serious indictment against the British delegates. He said:

"Until last Saturday when, under the pressure of angry protests, the British government instructed its degetes to make a belated declaration of adhesion to the American plan of obligatory arbitration, the British delegation

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

had done nothing for peace, nothing for arbitration, nothing, in short, for anything the British people believed they had been sent to The Hague to do.

"Their action, and still more their inaction, has been the amazement and despair of all the friends of peace. I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that, as far as every principle the British government is supposed to have at heart is concerned, it would have been far better to have had no delegates at all than the men who have shown skepticism when they ought to have shown enthusiasm, who have repelled where they ought to have attracted, who have been a wet blanket on every aspiration of the crusaders, and who have succeeded in utterly destroying England's reputation as the leader of the peace loving nations of the world.

"As members of a conference striving for peace ideals, they are about the most incompetent set of beings that ever achieved an unmitigated failure."

Continuing, Mr. Stead said: "Great Britainhaving abdicated her traditional position, the leadership has fallen into the hands of Germany and the United States, and we taught the Americans that the Germans are warmer friends and stouter allies than the British."

LEOPOLD TO LOSE CONGO

Belgium Will Annex the Free State.

Indications Are That First of Year Will See Close of Leopold's Individual Reign.

Brussels, July 25.—The close of King Leopold's long struggle to stave off the annexation of the Congo to Belgium, and to retain his personal sovereignty over this rich and extensive African state, is foreshadowed in

KING OF BELGIUM

the agreement reached on July 12 between the Belgian and the Congo governments, elaborating the terms upon which the Congo Free State shall pass into the possession of Belgium.

This transfer will mark an important epoch for the Congo, as heretofore the entire conduct of affairs, civil and military, has been under the personal direction of King Leopold and a cabinet of Congo officers, entirely separate from and independent of Belgium, whereas the new regime will make the Belgian government, instead of the kind, individually responsible for the conduct of Congo affairs.

Favored By Others.

The British and American governments have favored placing this governmental responsibility on Belgium, as the British officials have made the point that there was great difficulty in dealing with the Congo as a personal dependency of the king, whereas foreign governments could deal with it through the usual diplomatic channels if the Belgium government assumed responsibility for its administration.

The difficulty about the treaty of annexation itself is anticipated. It is understood to be similar to the one proposed by Count Merode when he was premier in 1895. The document simply declared that the sovereign of the Congo, Leopold II, cedes his sovereign rights and all the assets to the Congo Free State to Belgium, which in turn assumes the responsibility for the Congo government.

The real fight will follow upon the terms of the Colonial law. When Belgium was created in 1830, Belgian colonies were not seen and no provision was made in the constitution for colonial admission. The Belgian royalists (conservatives, clericals and a fraction of the moderates), want the law to practically convert the present Congo administration into an autonomous government, responsible to parliament.

The other side (liberals and radicals) also desire to give the Congo full autonomy, but insist that unless the appointment is made directly responsible to the Belgian parliament there will be no way of correcting present abuses and preventing the exploitation of the natives for the benefit of the rubber and ivory companies.

Fear Defeat.

In other words, they say the humanitarian reasons which exist for annexation would be defeated and the whole scheme for getting the Congo out of the clutches of its present maladministrators might as well be abandoned.

The indications are that the whole subject will be thrashed out in parliament during the fall, and that January or February, 1908, will see the Congo Free State a colony of Belgium instead of a dependency of King Leopold.

NO MEN IN THIS TOWN

Entire Male Population of Hungarian Village in U. S.

Buda Pest, July 25.—The lure of the United States as a land of opportunity and wealth to the poor of Hungary has brought about a curious state of affairs in the little village of Kerisova, near Lugos, that at the last census had a population of 3,500 souls.

One by one the male residents of Karisova heard the call across the water and they emigrated in batches, until such time as the mayor was the only adult male to remain by the village. Finally he also succumbed to the reports of good wages and golden chances in America sent back by his fellow townsmen, and, packing his trunk, he made his way to the emigrant ship at Fiume.

As a result of this exodus of males the women of Kerisova have just elected a young woman to the position of mayor, and other female residents have been elected to fill the remainder of the municipal offices. The statutes in Hungary provide that no female shall hold public office, and according to the letter of the law the presence of women in office is illegal.

WROTE ORIGINAL "DIXIE"

Col. W S. Hays, Veteran Writer, Dead in Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., July 24.—Colonel Will S. Hays, the veteran river editor of the Courier-Journal, song writer and poet, died at his home here yesterday of vertigo, caused by a stroke of paralysis suffered in the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago, December 30, 1903. He was 70 years old.

Colonel Hays always claimed the authorship of the original words of Dixie, and that he was responsible for the arrangement of the music. His version of Dixie was written at the outbreak of the civil war, but the words were considered so seditious that the writer was arrested and compelled to change them. By that time it is said Dan Emmett, the minstrel, had written his song, and his publisher had it copyrighted.

JAPANESE OCCUPY SEOUL

Regarrisoning Will Be Completed by Tuesday.

Seoul, July 29.—All the reinforcements of the twelfth brigade have landed. The regarrisoning of Seoul by Japanese troops, according to the new plan of occupation, will be completed by tomorrow (Tuesday) evening.

HAYWOOD IS ACQUITTED

Jury Deliberated for Twenty-one Hours.

Governor Goodings Says Others Indicted With Haywood Will Be Tried.

VIEWS OF THREE CHIEF FIGURES.

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD—I appreciate the support of the working class extended to us by workingmen throughout the country. I have no ill-will toward any person. My intention is to go back to Denver and take up my work where I left off when I was placed under arrest. I have never had any fear. I have always believed that with a fair trial and an impartial jury the verdict would be such as has been given. Senator Borah treated me fairly. Judge Wood was fair to me and I have extended to him my thanks.

GOVERNOR GOODING — The verdict is a great surprise to me. I have done my duty. I have no regret as to any action I have taken and my conscience is clear. The state will continue a vigorous prosecution of Pettibone and Moyer and of Adams and Simpkins when apprehended. There will be neither hesitation nor retreat.

HARRY ORCHARD — I have done my duty. I have told the truth. I could do no more. I am ready to take any punishment that may be meted out to me for my crime and the sooner it comes the better.

Boise, Id., July 29.—William D. Haywood is today a free man. The historic trial, which has engrossed the attention of the entire country, ended at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, when an Idaho jury pronounced the secretary of the Western Federation of Miners not guilty of the murder of Frank Steunenberg.

Never was a more dramatic scene witnessed in a court room than that which followed the reading of the verdict.

It was after being out for 21 hours that the jury, which at first had been divided eight to four for acquittal and then seemed deadlocked at ten to two, finally came to an agreement shortly after the first faint streaks of the coming day showed gray above the giant hills which wall Boise to the north and east. The weary, snow bearded bailiff, who had kept an all-night

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

vigil before the door of the jury room, was startled into action by an imperative knock from within. Events moved rapidly enough after this, and when at last the principal actors in the trial had been gathered into the court room at a few moments before 8 o'clock, the white envelope handed by the foreman to the judge was torn open and the verdict read.

Came as a Thrill.

It came as an electric thrill to the prisoner, to his counsel, to the attorneys for the state and to the small group of newspaper reporters and court officers who had been summoned from beds, but lately sought, or from offices where sleepless waiting had marked the night.

Tears welled to the eyes of the man, who, during the eighty days of his trial, had sat with stolid indifference written on his every feature. At last the icy armor that he had thrown about himself with the first day of jury selection had been pierced.

Haywood's attorneys were fairly lifted from their seats, and Judge Wood made no effort to restrain them as they surrounded him to shake his hands and shout aloud their congratulations.

James H. Hawley, leading counsel for the state, and O. N. Vanuyn, the prosecuting attorney of the county in which former Governor Steunenberg was assassinated, sat gloomy and unspeaking. Senator Borah, who made the closing plea for conviction, was not present.

Of the prisoner's counsel those in the court room were Clarence Darrow, of Chicago; E. F. Richardson, of Denver, and John F. Nugent, of Boise.

The absentees from the defendant's table included Edgar Wilson, the former law partner of Judge Wood, who presided at the trial.

Family Not There.

No member of the prisoner's family, nor any of his friends among the Socialist writers and the "labor jury" was in the court room when the verdict was returned. The spectators' benches were empty, but in the doorway stood Governor Frank Gooding, who has taken active part in pressing the prosecution of Haywood and his associates. There was no demonstration other than that made by the attorneys for the defense.

The court proceedings were over, the prisoner was discharged and the jury dismissed in less than three minutes' time.

News of the verdict was received reluctantly in Boise. Extra editions of the papers carried the tidings far and wide, and during the day there was considerable discussion in clubs, cafes, hotel lobbies and on street corners. The surprise, which had been so manifest in the court room, was prevalent everywhere. The long time the jury was out had conveyed the general impression that there could be no other outcome than a disagreement.

Haywood's first thought was of his aged mother, who yesterday suffered a nervous breakdown after the jury had retired. Leaving the court room in company with Attorney Nugent, Haywood walked to the jail portion of the building, shaking hands as he went with guards, employes and friends. He bade farewell to Moyer, who when he heard the verdict, said, "that's good," and to Pettibone, whom Darrow described to the jury as a "sort of 'Happy Hooligan,'" and who called "give my regards to Broadway."

Visited Mother.

Then Haywood walked to St. Luke's hospital and rushed into his mother's room. So great was the tonic on the mother that last night she was up and about and happy. Next Haywood went to the little cottage where his wife and daughters have been staying. He had parted with Attorney Nugent at the hospital gate, and, left alone in Boise, had to inquire his way to the cottage.

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The absentees from the defendant's table included Edgar Wilson, the former law partner of Judge Wood, who presided at the trial.

Family Not There.

No member of the prisoner's family, nor any of his friends among the Socialist writers and the "labor jury" was in the court room when the verdict was returned. The spectators' benches were empty, but in the doorway stood Governor Frank Gooding, who has taken active part in pressing the prosecution of Haywood and his associates. There was no demonstration other than that made by the attorneys for the defense.

The court proceedings were over, the prisoner was discharged and the jury dismissed in less than three minutes' time.

News of the verdict was received reluctantly in Boise. Extra editions of the papers carried the tidings far and wide, and during the day there was considerable discussion in clubs, cafes, hotel lobbies and on street corners. The surprise, which had been so manifest in the court room, was prevalent everywhere. The long time the jury was out had conveyed the general impression that there could be no other outcome than a disagreement.

Haywood's first thought was of his aged mother, who yesterday suffered a nervous breakdown after the jury had retired. Leaving the court room in company with Attorney Nugent, Haywood walked to the jail portion of the building, shaking hands as he went with guards, employes and friends. He bade farewell to Moyer, who when he heard the verdict, said, "that's good," and to Pettibone, whom Darrow described to the jury as a "sort of 'Happy Hooligan,'" and who called "give my regards to Broadway."

Visited Mother.

Then Haywood walked to St. Luke's hospital and rushed into his mother's room. So great was the tonic on the mother that last night she was up and about and happy. Next Haywood went to the little cottage where his wife and daughters have been staying. He had parted with Attorney Nugent at the hospital gate, and, left alone in Boise, had to inquire his way to the cottage.

Once home, Haywood said:

"I want to thank the people of Boise for their kindness to my wife, my mother, my family and my friends."

There has been widespread sympathy for Mrs. Carruthers, the defendant's mother. Senator Borah, for instance, when first apprised of the verdict, said:

"I feel glad for Haywood's mother."

Inquiry among the jurors after their dismissal revealed some of the elements entering into their decision. Samuel D. Gilman, the last man to be won over to the defense, declared that a majority of the jurors seemed convinced that the general tone of the court's instructions indicated that the defendant should be freed.

Finley McBean, who voted consistently for acquittal from the first, declared that the judge's instructions seemed to settle all doubt as to the course he should take.

Only One Way.

Juror James Robertson, the good-natured Scotchman, at whose house in Boise Governor Steunenberg boarded for more than two years, said:

"I could not reconcile myself to voting any other way than with the defense from the first, and I think that under the law and the evidence there was nothing else for us to do. The last fellow

JUDGE FREMONT WOOD, Who Presided at the Haywood Trial.

who held out against acquittal belongs to the same fraternal organization that I do. There was some talk of a compromise on a second degree verdict, but we could not stand for that. It had to be acquittal, or I would have stayed there forever."

Juror Samuel F. Russell, the senior member of the panel, said:

"There was nothing against Haywood but suspicion and inference, and when we came to dovetail the evidence it did not seem to fit."

FAMINE NOT IMMINENT

Millions of Acres of Coal Land Remain.

Acting Secretary of Interior Woodruff Favors Enactment of New Leasing Law.

Washington, July 27.—That a coal famine is not necessary nor imminent is the opinion expressed by Acting Secretary Woodruff, of the interior department. In a statement made public today he discussed the coal area as developed by the geological survey, saying:

"Not including great areas of lignite, which will be mined only after the more valuable deposits are exhausted, the geological survey has determined that there are townships in the states and territories west of South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, aggregating in all over 60,000,000 acres of land, each township of which contains, under its entire surface or part of it, workable deposits of coal.

Geologists Busy.

"The geological survey has been busy for several years in determining the location, quantity, quality and workable condition of these coal deposits. This work has been taken up with the utmost vigor during the present year, and townships containing more than 28,000,000 acres, in which workable coal exists, have been examined and classified.

"When one remembers that these classified areas are most conveniently situated with reference to transportation and settled districts and that every acre of them is subject to purchase from the government under the coal land laws and has been for several months; also that the Northern Pacific Railroad company alone is reputed to have in its own possession land containing over $300,000,000 worth of coal, and also that many hundred thousand acres of coal land scattered throughout the entire region containing coal, have already passed into private holdings and in many instances contain large mining plants, it is easy to see that if there is to be a coal famine next winter, such a famine will result only from failure to mine the coal which is easily accessible, either by grant to railroads, purchase in the past by individuals and companies, or entry at the present time under the laws.

"The geological survey has sixteen parties of trained experts advantageously scattered over the entire region containing coal. These mining engineers are daily adding to the areas classified and opened to entry. It is believed that by November 1 all land in the public land states known to contain workable deposits of coal will be classified and subject to entry."

Favors Leasing Law.

Mr. Woodruff expressed the hope that the next congress may enact a leasing law which will permit companies to acquire control of more than the 640 acres now allowed to be purchased.

Of the coal land still held by the government over 25,000,000 acres is held at the minimum prices of $10 and $20 per acre, over 220,000 at $50, and over 30,000 at $75. This is in accordance with the classification made by the survey.

BLACK FLY STING FATAL

Pests Cause Death of Six Hunters.

East Aurora, N. Y., July 26.—A startling tale of fatalities has reached here through John Griffin, who has just returned from the Algonquin park locality of Canada. Mr. Griffin went to the woods in the Dominion on a hunting and fishing trip about a week ago. He expected to be gone for several weeks, but the fact that six deaths resulted from blood poisoning, following stings of black flies near his camp, drove the veteran home. Mr. Griffin has hunted in the region of Algonquin park for many years, and he pronounces the pests the most numerous and deadly he has ever seen.

BELIEVE VESSEL IS THE HOLY GRAIL.

London, July 26.—The Express prints a story of the discovery near Glastonbury Abbey of a glass vessel of beautiful workmanship and apparently of great antiquity, which one of the discoverers believes is the Holy Grail of the Arthurian legend.

The Holy Grail is the cup from which Christ is reputed to have drunk at the last supper, and, according to ancient British tradition, it was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, after the crucifixion. The vessel is of bluish green glass of some kind, cunningly inlaid with silver leaf.

A number of eminent persons, including some peers with ecclesiastical interests, Ambassador Reid, Prof. William Crookes and the Rev. R. J. Campbell have examined it. It is now in the possession of Professor Crookes, who has undertaken to solve its history.

DESERTIONS FROM ARMY

Caused by Low Wages Paid the Soldier.

Other Nations More Liberal With Their Troops Than Is the U. S.

Washington, July 29.—It has been assumed that Uncle Sam's soldiers were by far the best paid in the world, and that belief has in large part been the cause of the failure of attempts made in the past to secure increases in pay for our own soldiers. But now, in connection with the systematic preparations that are being made to lay the subject of "something wrong with the army" before congress at the next session, it has been discovered that this belief is founded in error and that several nations are much more liberal in the treatment of their soldiery than is the United States.

A Canadian sergeant, for instance, enters upon his service with a wage of one dollar per day, which increases according to the provisions of the longevity law, to one dollar and a quarter. The American sergeant gets eighteen dollars at first, and his expenses are larger than the Canadian non-commissioned officer. The same difference of wage runs through all of the grades of the two armies.

Even Cuba pays her soldiers three times as much as the American private. The Cuban rural guard gets the pay of a New York policeman. The data is being gotten together to make up a strong case to demonstrate to congress that the real reason for the numerous desertions from the American army is the small wage paid to the soldier compared with the compensation in civil life.

CZAR'S TROOPS MUTINY

Refuse to Serve Under General Reiman.

St. Petersburg, July 27.—While Emperor Nicholas was reviewing the troops encamped at Krasnoye-Selo Wednesday, the Seminovsky regiment refused to participate in the manoeuvres and broke up the order of parade. They demanded the retirement from their command of General Reiman, who, with General Min, whom Reiman succeeded as commander of the regiment when Min was assassinated at Peterhof, in August of last year, ruthlessly put down the Moscow uprising in December, 1905.

The regiment was immediately dismissed from parade and its barracks searched. Much illegal literature was found and four soldiers of the regiment were placed under arrest. The authorities are trying to keep the matter secret because of the disaffection that exists in the companies of the Preobrajensky regiment quartered here.

Wednesday was the first time that General Reiman had assumed command of his regiment since his return from Alexandria, where he fled after General Min was assassinated. Although he was appointed commander shortly after Min was killed, he did not assume command, but served with the emperor's personal bodyguard until the animosity aroused in his subordinates had cooled. The Seminovsky regiment, after the trouble in Moscow, voted to wipe out their disgrace in the blood of Generals Min and Reiman, who, they declared, forced them to fire upon and murder their fellow citizens.

HARRIMAN'S AIR CASTLE

Begins Construction of Mansion on Top of Mountain.

Suffern, N. Y., July 27.—E. H. Harriman, the railroad king, has started the construction, at a cost of $1,000,000, of one of the most remarkable homes in the country—a combination mansion and castle on the top of Tower Hill, the highest peak of the Ramapo Mountains.

The only way to get to it will be by a private cable road 2,300 feet long, which will carry a car up the almost perpendicular side of the hill.

A small army of stone masons is now at work blasting out the cellar. The house will rest on the solid rock on the peak. The palace will be built of stone and New York granite, with Indiana limestone trimmings, making the home absolutely fireproof.

The huge pile will contain fifty rooms, and will be of modern architecture throughout. There will be no suggestion of Corinthian or Roman, and the absence of pillars and other massive decorations will make the place unique.

One of the most remarkable views in the east will greet the eyes of the owner when the place is finished. The east front will overlook the Hudson valley, and on this wing there will be a square Norman tower that will overtop the structure. The library will be in the tower, and on top will be the observation room, nearly a mile above the sea level.

The palace will face toward the north, with the Catskill Mountains in the foreground. From here the view extends to a point near Middletown. From the south side the mountains of Pike county, Pennsylvania, can be seen, which rise dark and green toward the clouds.

Fully 500 men will be employed most of the time for four years, when the palace will be ready for occupancy.

DENATURED REGULATIONS

As Amended to Be Operative on September 1.

Washington, July 25.—Amended denatured alcohol regulations have been issued by the commissioner of internal revenue, to take the place, on September 1, of the regulations heretofore issued, and are made necessary by the act passed by the last congress.

Under the new regulations manufacturers using completely denatured alcohol are not required to swear to application for permit, and a permit when secured continues in force until revoked, and retail dealers in denatured alcohol are not required to keep record of any kind.

Industrial or farm distilleries may produce alcohol from anything that contains fermentable matter.

Manufacturers using specially denatured alcohol are relieved from keeping a record of the goods in the manufacture of which denatured alcohol is used. Proprietors of industrial distilleries and manufacturers recovering alcohol in manufacturing processes, where but a small quantity of alcohol is denatured, are not required to provide themselves with denaturing material rooms or to have the denaturants regularly tested, but may procure approved authorized denaturants either from central denaturing warehouses or from distilleries at which regular denaturing warehouses are established.

OPEN LARGEST COAL BED

Will Require 250 Years to Exhaust New Find.

Hazelton, Pa., July 24.—The Lehigh Valley Coal company has opened what is believed to be the largest stripping in the world. It is located at Lattimer, and the coal is in a solid bed 1,300 feet wide, 30 feet in thickness and extends from Lattimer to Drifton, at least six miles. It is estimated that were the company to take out 500 tons daily it would require 250 years to exhaust the supply.

RAILROADS IN THE U. S. MOST DEADLY

France Holds World's Low Record in the Matter of Passengers Injured.

Berlin July 25.—Herr Guillery, an official of the archives bureau of the Prussian railway administration, has prepared a comparative table of statistics of those killed and injured by railways in various countries.

He finds that both absolutely and relatively the railroads in the United States are the most deadly. The United States has more mileage than all Europe, but even taking that into consideration, the United States holds pre-eminence in proportional figures.

Out of every thousand railway employes, the ratio of number of injured each year is as follows:

United States, 43.5; Switzerland, 25.3; England, 11.8; Belgium, 11; Germany, 2.4.

Out of every ten thousand employes, the relative figures of killed are: United States, 26.1; England, 12.3; Switzerland, 8.2; Russia, 7.8; British India, 6.7; Belgium, 4.1.

Herr Guillery finds that in a single year, the fiscal year of 1902-3, 76,500 persons were injured in the United States, of whom 60,000 were employes, and 9,800 were killed, of whom 3,600 were employes.

In the matter of travelers injured, France holds the lowest record in the world. The United States shows proportionately forty times as many injured as Russia; 22 times as many as Italy; 20 times as many as England; 8 times as many as Belgium; 4 times as many as Switzerland, and twice as many as Germany.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON SUCCEEDS PETTUS

Selma, Ala., July 29.—The body of the late Senator F. W. Pettus, who died at Hot Springs, N. C., Saturday, will reach this city on a special train early Tuesday morning, and the funeral will take place from his late residence at 12:30 o'clock. The services will be very simple. State officials, members of the legislature and the Second Alabama infantry regiment, now encamped at Selma, will be present. The troops will act as a special military escort.

The successor to Senator Pettus will be former Governor Joseph F. Johnston, of Birmingham. At the state primaries last year, candidates for alternate senatorships were voted on. Senator J. H. Bankhead received the highest vote. He was therefore given the vacancy on Senator Morgan's death. Governor Johnston received the next highest vote, and he will therefore be elected by the legislature in joint session one week from Wednesday, to the vacancy caused by Senator Pettus' death.

Governor Johnston is 64 years old. He has always taken a lively interest in confederate affairs. He served as governor of Alabama from 1896 to 1900. He has always been prominent in public affairs in the state. Johnston will not only be elected for the unexpired term of Senator Pettus, but will be elected also for the additional term, to which Pettus was recently elected, and which expires on March 4, 1915.

IMPORTATIONS INCREASE

Greatest Stride Is Made by United Kingdom.

Increase About Equally Divided Between Dutiable and Non-dutiable Merchandise.

Washington, July 27.—All the world or at least all the grand divisions of the world, have profited by the large increase of importation during the fiscal year just ended. This increase in importations, as already announced by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, amounts to over 200 million dollars as compared with the immediately preceding year. Of this increase of over 200 million dollars, about 115 millions occurred in the imports from Europe, 33 millions in imports from Asia, 25 millions in the imports from North America, about 20 millions in the imports from South America, nearly 10 millions in the imports from Africa, and about 5 millions in the imports from Oceania.

The United Kingdom, Germany, France, Brazil, Japan, British India, Cuba, Italy, Egypt and China are the chief beneficiaries in this increase in foreign purchases by the people of the United States.

The largest increase in the imports from any single country is from the United Kingdom, from which the imports increased about 37 million dollars over the immediately preceding year, the fiscal year 1906. This increase in the imports from the United Kingdom occurs chiefly in pig iron, pig tin, pig copper, tin plate, laces and miscellaneous manufactures. Pig iron alone shows an increase in the eleven months ending May, of nearly 7 million dollars from the United Kingdom alone, pig tin an increase of nearly 4 million dollars, pig copper an increase of 3.5 millions, while cotton cloths, cotton laces, silk, crude India rubber, and manufactures of various sorts, as well as many other less important articles, show a considerable increase from the United Kingdom.

From Germany the imports show an increase of about 26 millions. This increase occurs chiefly in beet sugar, chemicals, kid gloves, silks, knit goods and paper manufactures, the largest single increase in the eleven months ending with May of nearly 6 million dollars compared with the immediately preceding year. From France the imports show an increase of about 21 millions, the gain occurring chiefly in silks, laces, diamonds, kid gloves and other manufactured articles. From Italy the imports show an increase of about 10 million dollars, the gain occurring chiefly in raw silks.

The increase in importations is divided about equally between dutiable and nondutiable merchandise. Dutiable merchandise shows an increase of a little more than 100 million dollars, that coming in free of duty a gain of about 100 millions. Of the great groups, foodstuffs in a crude condition show a gain of about 15 millions, foodstuffs partly or wholly manufactured a gain of about 15 millions, manufactures ready for consumption a gain of about 55 millions, manufactures for further use in manufacturing a gain of about 57 millions, and crude materials for use in manufacturing an increase of about 66 millions.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS

Between Venezuela and Uncle Sam Are Strained.

Caracas, Venezuela, Thursday, July 25, via Willemstad, Curacoa, July 27.—The foreign office yesterday handed over to the American minister, W. W. Russell, the answer of the Venezuelan government to the second note from Secretary Root regarding the arbitration of five American claims.

The government persists in its refusal to arbitrate the claims in question. The reply is a lengthy document, and answers in detail the arguments advanced by Mr. Root.

The opinion is held here in some quarters that this answer may lead to the severing of diplomatic relations between Venezuela and the United States.

THINK WITH YOUR BRAIN?

No, Says Dr. Simms, Man Thinks With His Heart.

Boston, July 25.—Among the passengers on the steamship Laurentian, from Glasgow and Galway, were Dr. Joseph Simms and his wife, who have been traveling around the world and are now on their way to their home in New York.

Dr. Simms says that years of observation and study have convinced him that man does not think with his brain, but with his heart; that the brain is a vital organ maintained for the purpose of heating the body.

As tending to strengthen his theory he says he has found that great men, as a rule, have small brains and large hearts, while those below normal and imbeciles have large brains and small hearts.

As bearing out his theory that the brain heats the body he says that in the frigid zones the people have large brains, while in the torrid zones their brains are small.

Dr. Simms, although 72 years of age, is vigorous and appears to be much younger.

TALE LIKE DIME NOVEL

Sleuths at Brownsville Relate Lurid Story.

Say U. S. Consul Refused Assistance and Betrayed Them —Guarded by Police.

Washington, D. C., July 27.—The story of a plot to "shoot up" Brownsville in order to drive out the negro soldiers, given by agents of the Constitution League, as detailed in these dispatches to The Blade yesterday, is supplemented today by a further statement from Attorney N. B. Marshall, of the Constitution League. He said:

"When Stewart and I went to Brownsville we were disguised as day laborers. Yet before we reached the town it was evident that the leaders of the mob that is terrorizing the town were advised that we were coming. At a station nine miles from Brownsville a solitary passenger, armed with a rifle, boarded a train and made a careful search of every car. Further than this when we reached Brownsville at midnight more than two hours late we found a large crowd at the station to receive us.

"On account of our disguises they did not recognize us as the attorneys they were looking for, and as we saw clearly that it was not safe to stay in Brownsville we slipped over to the Mexican side and conducted our investigation from Matamoras. It is surely a strange commentary on this government when its peaceable citizens are compelled to seek safety on foreign soil under the Mexican flag.

"P. Merrill Griffith, the American consul at Matamoras, threatened us with arrest as suspicious characters for the purpose of forcing us to disclose our identity and the purpose of our visit to Matamoras. When we told him who we were, John W. Vann, the collector of the port of Brownsville, was notified. Mr. Griffith told us we were there on a fool's errand, and refused to assist us in our investigation.

On the very day that we made ourselves known to the consul, in response to a call from Mr. Griffith, Collector Vann came to Matamoras. He found us in the American consul's office and inquired of us as to our headquarters. Mr. Vann immediately asked for a private interview with the consul and we were made to understand that our presence was no longer needed.

"When Collector Vann returned to Brownsville the town was soon in a high state of excitement, and the next day the people of Brownsville began to pour over to Matamoras. The proprietor of the hotel at which we stopped was threatened with a bayonet if he did not exclude us from his house. So also was the landlord at the Hotel Cardenas, which we visited occasionally in seeking evidence, as the Cardenes Hotel was the headquarters of the Brownsville visitors Matamoras.

"After we had been in Matamoras for two or three days a systematic effort was made to induce us to visit Brownsville. We were placed upon our guard by a friend, and we became fully convinced that a visit to Brownsville meant sure death.

"Our agents who visited Brownsville heard open threats that if we could only be induced to visit Brownsville they would make short work of the men who were attempting to secure evidence as to who really shot up the town. Practically every day we remained in Matamoras some ruse was tried by which it was expected we could be got over to Brownsville.

"The situation became so critical in Matamoras that Pisnao, chief of police, voluntarily came to us and informed us he had placed a body guard over us by day and night. He also warned us not to attempt to walk on the sidewalks of Matamoras after dark unless we were accompanied by an officer. During the remainder of our stay there the chief of police kept a sentry on guard at our hotel window all night and furnished us a guard to the train when we left.

"That this was a wise precaution became evident when we saw a heavily armed officer from Brownsville at the station when we purchased our tickets. He boarded the train with us and watched us closely until he became convinced we did not intend to come home through Texas. After throwing him off our trail at Hidalgo we made a straight line for Laredo, and came through Texas in safety."

"On what grounds do you suppose they would have arrested you if they had caught you as you were passing through Texas?" was asked.

"The conspirators sent a Brownsville man to us with an offer to come to Washington and give such testimony as we were looking for, for a consideration. We were informed that this same Mexican was ready to make an affidavit that we had offered to bribe him."

FI

ROCKEFELLER'S PRECEPTS

Get Away From Butterfly Pursuits, He Says.

Richest Man a Sunday School Member for Fifty-four Years.

Cleveland, O., July 29.—"The only way to be perfectly happy is to do good to others," said John D. Rockefeller yesterday.

He was addressing the Sunday school of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church.

"The great secret of success—true success—is to get away from the butterfly pursuits of life and devote yourself to doing good to those around you."

"How long do you think it has been since I joined the Sunday school?" he asked of a little boy in a back seat.

"Fifty-three years," was the answer.

"It will be fifty-four years next September since I passed into the Sunday school. I was fourteen years old. I consider that event was the most important in my life. An old lady came to me one day and asked me if I belonged to a Sunday school. I told her I belonged to the Baptist. She was a Presbyterian, and she did not like me much for the Baptists, but she told me to stick to it, and I always have.

"Deacon Sked was my first teacher in the Sunday school. Of course none of you remember him. He was a good old Scotchman, honest and whole-souled, as most Scotchmen are. I have a great love for that race. I met Dr. Ingersoll the other day while I was playing golf. He still is as spry as I am. But, of course, he is eighty years old and I am still a young man."

At the close of the address Mr. Rockefeller shook hands with many of those present and later attended the service in the church, returning to Forest Hill in his automobile.

STANDARD AGAIN SUED

Mississippi Asks $1,480,000 From John D.'s Company.

Tupelo, Miss., July 24.—George B. Mitchell, prosecuting attorney for the first judicial district, filed suit for $1,480,000 in the Lee county circuit court yesterday against the Standard Oil company charging violation of the Mississippi anti-trust laws.

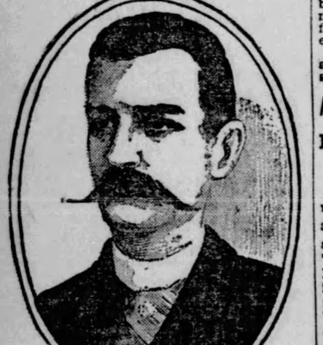
If the suit is successful, the Standard Oil company will not only be forced to pay the sum named, but will be obliged to change the company's organization or leave Mississippi.

The petition alleges that the Standard Oil company has violated the law by owning stock of the Waters-Pierce Oil company, of Missouri, and also stock of the Union Tank Line. The suit is for $5,000 penalty for each day the company has done business in Mississippi since the anti-trust law went into effect.

ATTEMPT ON KING'S LIFE

Peter of Servia Has Narrow Escape on Train.

London, July 29.—The Vienna correspondent of a news agency here says that dispatches received from the frontier report an attempt against the life of King Peter of Servia. The royal



KING PETER OF SERVIA.

train, according to the dispatches, was diverted at Palanka, a station in southern Hungary, through the malicious alteration of the railway points. The guard hastily applied the brakes, but not before a slight collision with a number of freight cars occurred. Nobody was seriously hurt.

PRESIDENT IS PLEASED

Congratulates Crew and Officers of Battleship.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 27.—In reply to a letter from Admiral Brownson relative to the Georgia disaster, President Roosevelt has taken occasion to congratulate Admiral Thomas and the officers and crew of the Georgia on the way the ship went back to her work.

The President's letter, together with extracts from that of Admiral Brownson, were made public here today.

President Roosevelt's reply to Admiral Brownson is as follows:

"Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 26, 1907.

"My Dear Admiral:

"Many thanks for your letter. I would like through you to congratulate Admiral Thomas, and especially the officers and crew of the Georgia upon the way in which, without a moment's delay the ship went back to her work. The whole navy is to be congratulated at the spirit shown by the officers and enlisted men on board the Georgia in this instance, and on board the Missouri and Texas in the other instance to which you refer.

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

ADVERTISES FOR A PULPIT

Pittsburg Preacher Puts Want Ad in Paper.

Pittsburg, July 24.—In the free want column of the Christian Worker, the official organ of the Christian church, appears the following:

"I shall be available for pulpit supply during August, and on Sept. 1 will be ready to take a pastorate."

The advertisement is signed by the Rev. George A. Jones, who lives in Mt. Oliver station, a suburb. Mr. Jones says that he had been out of pulpit work for some time and when he tried to get back again he found places filled. Believing in advertising, he used the church paper. If this does not bring results he intends to use the dailies. In the same column are two other advertisements of similar nature, but the applicants do not sign their names.

Several denominations in Pittsburg have bureaus to secure pulpits for their ministers. This is the first time in this city that printers' ink has been used to advertise for a pulpit job.

MRS. TAFT IS IMPROVED

War Secretary's Mother Has Been Seriously Ill.

Millburg, Mass., July 29.—A slight improvement was reported today by the physicians who are attending Mrs. Louisa M. Taft, the aged mother of Secretary Taft. Mrs. Taft has been seriously ill in this town for several days and her sons have been notified of her condition. Unless unforeseen complications should develop, however, it is thought she will recover speedily.

ADMIT MOYER TO BAIL

Is Released From Jail at Boise, Idaho.

States Attorneys Opposed to Release of Pettibone in Bail of Any Sum.

Boise, July 29.—Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, and co-defendant with William D. Haywood, who yesterday was acquitted of the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, was admitted to bail in the sum of $25,000 and released this afternoon.

An agreement to this end was reached this morning between counsel for the state and defense, but the making of the formal application and entry was postponed from 10 a. m., at which hour court reconvened today until 2 p. m.

It was asked for to allow further conferences between counsel as to what action shall be taken in the case of George A. Pettibone, the third of the noted defendants brought from Colorado to Idaho eighteen months ago.

It is understood that the attorneys for the state will oppose bail for Pettibone in any sum whatever. Judge Wood announced that he would not adjourn court for the term until tomorrow night, and any order agreed upon by the attorneys might be entered up to that time.

WIRE COILED IN HEART

Saved the Life of Philadelphia Man.

Philadelphia, Penn., July 27.—Nature and a silver wire 20 feet long saved the life of Fred Williams at the end of one of the most remarkable operations on record.

It was for aneurism of the aorta, and was performed upon Williams in the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital by Rr. James P. Mann.

Williams, who is 39 years old, a negro barber and a man of immense vitality, noticed a swelling on his breast some time ago, and went to the MedicoChirurgical Hospital. There he was placed upon the operating table without having been etherized. A hollow needle was plunged into the aorta and through this the silver wire was fed from a spool. The thickness of the wire was about that of a No. 60 cotton thread. As the wire was fed into the great blood vessel it coiled itself closely in the form of a cylinder, which fitted exactly the inner surface of the affected part.

Then the needle was withdrawn and the little wound made by it was dressed.

The process that was then set up in the weakened part was this:

The blood clotted over the wire and "organized" a new wall, strengthening that which had been weakened by the aneuritic growth.

The operation was performed two months ago. Last week he came into the hospital with blood trickling steadily from a pin point hole in his chest. The interne and the nurses who saw the trickle were alarmed and sent for the surgeons.

Again Williams was placed upon the operating table. The blood was found to be coming from a wound from which protruded the tip of the silver wire that had been coiled inside his aorto. With infinite care the whole strand was taken out, and then, to the amazement of everybody, the bleeding stopped.

There is every indication that the barber is now absolutely well, and that the new inner coating of the aorta is sufficiently strong to re-enforce the weakened tissue that lies outside it.

"I feel as well as I ever did in my life and work every day without fatigue," said Williams.

A MONUMENT FOR ESTES

Killed by Judge Loving, Planned by Women.

Richmond, Va., July 29.—The committee of Nelson county women who are raising funds with which to place a costly monument over the grave of Theodore Estes, who was recently killed by ex-Judge William G. Loving, of Nelson, for alleged mistreatment of his young daughter, Elizabeth, are meeting with much success, contributions having already been received from all parts of the state and county.

The monument is intended to represent the confidence of the women of Nelson county in the innocence of young Estes of the crime for which he was shot. Miss Laura Dawson, who is treasurer of the fund, has already received a large sum of money and many letters expressing the confidence of the writers that young Estes had committed no act which justified Judge Loving in taking life.

Miss Margaret Massie, Miss Laura Dawson, Mrs. John Seay, Mrs. John Horsley and Mrs. Bennett T. Gordon are members of the monument committee. Miss Massie is the young woman whom Estes was engaged to be married. Mrs. Gordon is the wife of the judge of the Nelson circuit court, who refused to try Judge Loving on account of a personal difficulty between the two men several years ago.

AMERICAN IDEA ADOPTED

International Prize Court to Be Established.

The Hague, July 29.—Great Britain and Germany have practically agreed on a proposition regarding the establishment of an international prize court, under the terms of which the tribunal is made permanent and is to have fifteen judges. The United States, Japan and six of the great European powers will furnish one Judge each, Latin-America will supply two, and the remaining five will be sent from other countries represented in the peace conference. It is understood further that if the American proposal regarding the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration is adopted, and this seems most likely, the judges of the arbitration court will be also the judges of the prize court. The prize court is to include two admirals, to be appointed by the belligerents, but to be present in an advisory capacity only. This suggestion was made by Joseph H. Choate, of the American delegation.

There are still differences of opinion between Great Britain and Germany regarding the laws under which the prize court will operate.

MINISTER KILLS A NEGRO

Methodist Preacher Has Two Notches in His Gun.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 29.—For the second time within a period of three months, Rev. S. L. Crouch, a Methodist preacher, yesterday afternoon shot and killed a negro. The shooting three months ago was in defense of his wife, while the killing of Bud Wiley yesterday afternoon was in defense of his own life. Crouch, though a preacher, is also employed as watchman at a large lumber mill. While making his rounds it was reported to him that two negro men had broken into a store near by. He captured one. The negro struck Crouch in the face and attempted to escape. Crouch fired a bullet into the negro's head.

FARMERS BUY WATER.

East Hampton, N. Y., July 27.—The severe drought on Long Island has produced a new industry, that of selling water to the farmers whose cisterns and wells have become dry. The farmers are paying ten cents a barrel for water which they have to haul themselves.

PETTIBONE IN BOISE JAIL

His Trial Is Set for Hearing on October 1.

He Is Being Urged as Logical Socialist Candidate for President.

Boise, July 30.—No application for bail was made in the case of George A. Pettibone, co-defendent with Wm. D. Haywood, but a motion was made for a speedy trial, and his case was ordered set down for Tuesday, October 1. Counsel intimated today that they might apply for bond for Pettibone later, but it is not believed that the state's attorneys will consent.

It has been generally claimed that the state has more incriminating evidence against Pettibone than any of the others, while it has been generally conceded that the case against Moyer is the weakest of the three. The defense in the Haywood case admitted that there were a number of things for Mr. Pettibone to explain as to his association with Harry Orchard and the sending of money to him, but they said it would be time enough to deal with these matters when Pettibone himself was placed on trial. Moyer and Pettibone were brought into court at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The latter's wife was present and broke down and cried when the order was made releasing Moyer and holding her husband. It was said that Pettibone may be taken back to the Canyon county jail at Caldwell until the time for his trial arrives. The case and the prisoners were brought to Boise six months ago on a change of venue from Canyon to Ada county.

Moyer's bond of $25,000 was furnished by the Butte local of the Western Federation of Miners.

Haywood expects to leave for Denver on Thursday. Moyer may leave Wednesday if there is no hitch in the bail proceedings.

Plan Demonstration.

Denver, July 30.—Secretary-Treasurer Haywood's return to Denver will be made the occasion of a great demonstration in this city by the Western Federation of Miners and other labor organizations. Arrangements are already being made to run special trains from Cripple Creek and other places, to bring members of the Federation and others to Denver to join in celebration of Haywood's acquittal at Boise. It is announced that one feature of the celebration will be a parade of Federation members, the first in this city in three years.

Some of Haywood's union co-workers are proclaiming him to be the logical candidate for the presidency on the Socialist ticket. As candidate for governor of Colorado last year, when in prison in Idaho, he received 16,338 votes.

MARRIED ADOPTED SON

Death of Mrs. Thomas Reveals Strange Romance.

Was to Have Been Her Husband's Mother-in-Law, but Death Prevented.

Springfield, Ill., July 30.—The death of Mrs. Virgil Thomas, of Pittsfield, who was killed by lightning last week, has brought to light a strange romance in which Mrs. Thomas married the man whom she adopted and reared from infancy. The death of her daughter had prevented his becoming her son-in-law.

Mrs. Thomas, who was 45 years old, was a daughter of J. W. Allen, of Bayliss, Ill. When scarcely more than a girl, she was married to William Belford, of Chambersburg. The couple moved to southwest Missouri shortly after the marriage, and within two years a daughter was born. Although battling for an existence in their new home, when the death of a neighbor left 1-year-old Virgil Thomas an orphan, the couple adopted him.

Mr. and Mrs. Belford returned to Pike county, but soon after arriving there the husband died. J. D. Hess, an attorney of Pittsfield, was appointed guardian for the girl, and one day with the girl's mother appeared at the court house in Pittsfield and gave his permission to her marriage to Virgil Thomas. At that time the girl was only 12 years old, and no license could be issued. The next Christmas she was taken sick and died.

A few days after the funeral Mrs. Belford and Virgil Thomas appeared in Pittsfield and after securing a license were married.

WIPE OUT DIFFEBENCES

Russia and Japan Sign Commerce Treaty.

Political Entente to Be Issued Will Restore Relations Enjoyed Before War.

St. Petersburg, July 30.—The signing yesterday at the foreign office here of the treaties of commerce, navigation and fishery between Russia and Japan will be followed shortly by the publication of a political entente wiping out the last traces of the contentions and hostilities arising from the late war.

The foreign office today confirmed the dispatch to the Associated Press from Tokio on this matter and admitted officially that a general political agreement between the two states was in course of preparation, that the negotiations to this end had almost reached their conclusion and that signatures would be affixed to this document within a few days.

This entente is conceived along the same general lines as the recent similar agreement between France and Japan. Under its terms Russia and Japan will mutually guarantee their rights and territory.

Reach Agreement.

London, July 30.—It is announced that the negotiations between Great Britain and Russia have resulted in an agreement amicably adjusting all outstanding differences on the Indian frontier and in Persia. Both powers have consented to the delimitation of their spheres of interest in these regions.

BULLETIN.

Columbus, O., July 30.—Secretary Taft's friends won handily today at the meeting of the state Republican central committee, a resolution being adopted by the committee endorsing Taft for the presidency by a vot of 15 to 6. An amendment, proposed by the friends of Taft and opposed by the friends of Foraker, was adopted by a vote of 11 to 10 saying in effect that there is no intention to eliminate Senators Foraker or Dick from politics in

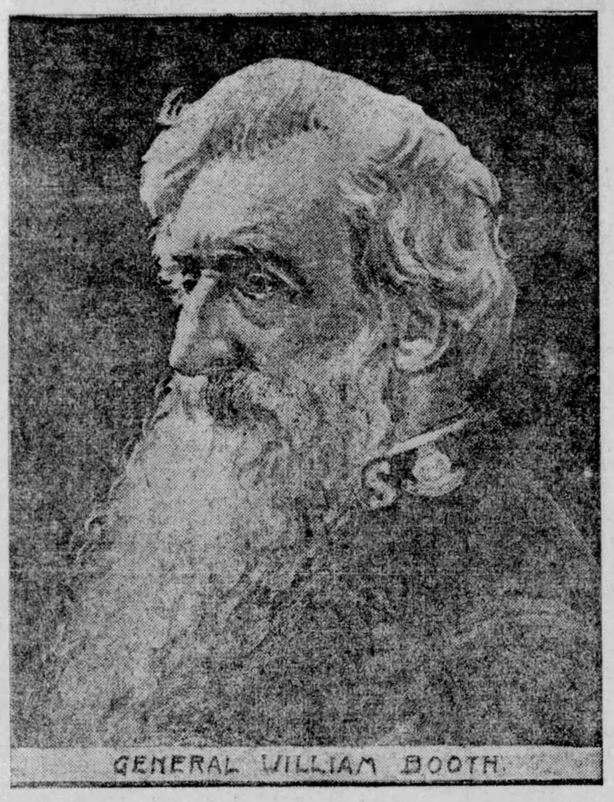
REMOVED BY GOV. FOLK

Police Commissioner, Who Would Not Resign, Ousted.

Kansas City, July 30.—Frank F. Rosselle, police commissioner, was summarily removed yesterday afternoon by order of Governor Folk. Governor Folk had first requested the commissioner's resignation, because of their disagreement over the reappointment of John Hayes as chief of police, who is opposed by the governor, but later he ousted the commissioner from office.

GEN. BOOTH HAS SELECTED SUCCESSOR

His Name Will Be Kept Secret Until Death of Present Salvation Army Head.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.

London, July 30.—General William Booth, the head of the Salvation army, who is engaged in a motor tour of Great Britain, announced on Sunday at Blackburn, in Lancashire, that the same electric flash that carried the news of his death would publish the name of the new general for the army.

It is learned that General Booth has left minute directions for the future administration of the army in a sealed envelope with his solicitors.

No one else knows who his successor will be, but it is believed that it will be Bramwell Booth, with Commissioner Howard and Commissioner Booth-Tucker as alternates in case of Bramwell Booth's death, and that the army will continue under the guidance of one man, and not of a committee or a board of directors.

PRIEST UNDER ARREST

As a Member of the Armenian Hunchakist Society.

New York, July 30.—Nine Armenians, all said to be members of the Hunchakist society, were arrested last night, following the police investigation into the recent assassination of H. S. Tavshanjian, a wealthy Armenian rug merchant. Three later were discharged.

Among those arrested were Father Levont Martgoossian, an Armenian priest, who is charged with attempted robbery, it being alleged that a year ago he tried to blackmail several Armenian merchants of New York out of sums ranging from $1,000 to $20,000.

The arrests followed a lengthy investigation into the shooting of Tavshanjian by Pedros Hampartzoomian, in Union Square, a few days ago, following the merchant's refusal to contribute to Armenian revolutionary funds.

After considerable trouble the authorities succeeded in securing from several well-known Armenian merchants the names of men who, the merchants say, have attempted to blackmail them. The merchants at first refused to divulge the facts, fearing that they would suffer the same fate as Tavshanjian, but when they were promised full protection by the police they finally told the names of the alleged blackmailers.

In a formal statement issued though its executive committee in America today the Armenian revolutionary Hunchakist party disclaims all connection with the assassination of Tavshanjian. The statement declares the men concerned in the assassination were expelled from the Hunchakist party for treachery and heinous crimes of blackmail, and that since their expulsion they have done much to degrade the honored name of a great patriotic party.

AMERICANS ARE ARRESTED

In Mexico on Charge of Smuggling From Texas.

El Paso, Tex., July 29.—Implicated in wholesale smuggling operations recently uncovered by Mexican customs officials, an American engineer and three switchmen, employes on the Mexican Central railroad, were arrested and are in jail in Juarez. It is said that it has been discovered that large quantities of goods were smuggled into Mexico on switch engines. Three prominent business men of Juarez were arrested and jailed, making six mechants of that town now in jail charged with smuggling.

"REDS" WIRE ROOSEVELT

Ex-Convict Berkman and Emma Goldman Gloat.

Oyster Bay, July 29.—Without comment President Roosevelt made public the following telegram received by him today, referring to the verdict in the Haywood murder trial at Boise, Idaho:

"New York, July 28, 1907.

"President Roosevelt:

"Undesirable citizens victorious. Rejoice.

(Signed) "ALEXANDER BERKMAN,
"EMMA GOLDMAN,
"HIPPOLYTE HAVEL."

STRICKEN IN HIS PULPIT

Pastor Dies After Speaking of Life's Uncertainty.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 29.—Rev. W. F. Smith was stricken with apoplexy in his pulpit at the Presbyterian church at Madisonville yesterday. He was dwelling on the uncertainty of life in his sermon and had just uttered these words: "It may be the last time I will ever speak to you," when he began to totter. Friends rushed to the pulpit and caught him. He died last night. He was 65 years old and a past grand master of the Masonic grand lodge of Tennessee.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

Deacon Haynes in Good Health and Can Work.

Middletown Springs, Vermont, July 29.—Alpheus Haynes, in full possession of his faculties, is celebrating his one hundredth birthday today. Practically everybody in town called on Deacon Haynes, congratulated him and helped him celebrate the day. Deacon Haynes' health is good and his memory clear. He frequently takes a walk of a mile or more and only recently he was seen at work in his hayfield.

SPIRIT RAPS WARNINGS

Investigation of Dr. Krieger's Death Reveals Weird Tale.

St. Louis, July 30.—Investigation into the mystery of the buying of his coffin by Dr. Joseph A. Krieger, one of the foremost physicians in the city, six days before his death on July 12, brought to light a story of spirit tappings and fatal results of a nature like the most uncanny of the imaginings of Edgar Allan Poe. The doctor made the fourth member of his family to die within four years, and in each instance death was preceded by repeated rappings in the room of the doomed person.

Relatives assert positively that the four victims scoffed at spiritualism, yet it is told of Dr. Krieger that when he was informed tappings had been heard in his room he remarked, "I'm next," and proceeded to put his affairs in order. He had kept a record of the three preceding cases, and he had figured the tappings placed a time limit of fifty-nine days upon the one marked for death. In his own case he figured that he had only until August 17 to live, while he was prepared for death at any hour.

Krieger paid $1,000 for his coffin, and kept it in his home in No. 2916 Dickson street in anticipation of his death.

VORYS STILL STANDS FIRM

Declares the People of Ohio Are for Taft's Candidacy.

Columbus, O., July 30.—A. I. Vorys, manager of Secretary Taft's presidential candidacy, was informed last night of the nature of the letter addressed by Senator Foraker to Mr. McCoy, and when asked if he had any statement to make, replied:

"Every effort has been made to induce the state committee to postpone action on a resolution endorsing Taft for President. All efforts have been fruitless, and the letter of Senator Foraker seems the last effort when all others have failed. I believe the Republicans of Ohio are overwhelmingly for Taft for President, and that the members of the state committee know there is not the slightest impropriety in their saying so, and believe they will so declare.

"Before county committees, before the conference called by Senator Dick, before the state committee at a state convention or at primaries, wherever and whenever it has been or may be proposed, the friends of Taft invariably have welcomed, and will welcome, all opportunities to submit Taft's candidacy for President to the Republicans of Ohio or to their representatives."

SAVES FOUR, THEN DROWNS

Indianapolis Man Gives Life to Rescue Companions.

Colon, July 30.—Earle Irven, of Indianapolis, Ind., was drowned here Sunday, after having rescued some companions who had gone in bathing in the surf, got caught in the undertow, and were being swept to deep water. A party of Americans, men and women, of which Mr. Irven was a member, crossed the bay in a small boat to Kenny's Bluff, on the far side of the harbor. Unaware of the dangers of the locality the party decided to go in bathing. Four men ventured out too far and got caught in the strong under current which carried them off their feet.

They called loudly for help, and Irven, who was closer inshore, responded. He made his way to the helpless men and one after another added them to get back to the beach, but he was so exhausted by his efforts that he sank and was drowned before the other members of the party realized what had happened.

Kenny's Bluff is an exceedingly dangerous point for bathers. Several men, including United States Consul Ashley, have been drowned there in the past few years.

JAPS TOAST ROOSEVELT

While U. S. Naval Officer Proposes Mikado's Health.

Brest, July 25.—In the course of the dinner given by Rear Admiral Stockton on the American cruiser Washington, last night, at which a number of Japanese naval officers from the cruisers Tsukuba and Chitose, as well as some of the French officers, were present, Rear Admiral Stockton proposed the health of the Emperor of Japan and of the Japanese navy. In reply Captain Takanutichi, of the Tsukuba, toasted President Roosevelt and the American navy.

LAWSON BUYS SMELTER.

Prescott, Ariz., July 30.—It is said that Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, has purchased the plant of the Arizona Smelting company in this county. The deal, which has just been consummated is said to involve several million dollars and to carry control of many mines in this section.

CARNEGIE PEACE PALACE

Foundation Stone Laid With Imposing Ceremony.

Distinguished Men From All Parts of the Earth Attend the Exercises.

The Hague, July 30.—The foundation stone of the Andrew Carnegie Palace of Peace was laid this afternoon at Zorgvliet, in the midst of the wooded part stretching from The Hague to Scheveningen, by M. Nelidoff, president of the second peace conference. The inauguration of this monument, which the American millionaire is raising to commemorate and carry on the work of the International peace conferences, was marked by considerable ceremony.

Practically all the delegates attending the present peace conference, a number of high court officials, the members of the states general and delegations from numerous civic and municipal bodies were grouped around the stone which, when the structure is completed, will form the corner of the grand hall of justice.

In a speech that preceded the actual laying of the stone, M. Nelidof expressed the gratitude of the peace delegates to the munificent donor of the palace and to the Netherlands government for the gift of the land upon which the splendid edifice is to be erected.

The palace, he said, would be a monument to the first efforts made by the governments of the world to preserve to the nations the benefits of peaceful development by seeking to prevent wars. The speaker said he wished to emphasize the almost sacred character of the proposed building.

ACCIDENT ON GUNBOAT

One Killed and Two Hurt on Wilmington.

Washington, July 30.—A dispatch received at the navy department from Commander Boush of the gunboat Wilmington at Shanghai, says a boiler tube of the vessel burnt yesterday while the vessel was at Nanking. Three men were scalded, one of whom, Fireman Philip Hind, subsequently died. The other two were not seriously burned. Hind was a native of Maryland and entered the navy May 10, 1894. His next of kin is a brother, J. E. Hind, whose address is Chester, Md.

Unofficial reports of several deaths from smallpox on the Wilmington have reached the navy department.

TO FIND SOUTH POLE.

Expedition Starts From London for Long Cruise.

London, July 30.—The Endurance, originally a Newfoundland sealing vessel of 227 tons, but which has been refitted as a steam bark, sailed down the Thames today with the English South Pole expedition, commanded by Lieut. E. H. Shackelton, on board. Lieut. Shackelton was a member of the Discovery Antarctic expedition, under command of Capt. Scott.

Winter quarters for 12 persons, with provisions for two years, will be established on King Edward VII Land, and an attempt will be made to reach the south pole during the summer of 1908. The equipment on board the Endurance consists, among other things, of a motor car provided with different sets of runners for travel over surfaces of varying softness, 12 Siberian ponies, and 24 dogs. Several scientists, with elaborate apparatus, accompany the expedition.

TO PREVENT EXPLOSIONS

Naval Experts Will Meet and Investigate Turrets.

Oyster Bay, July 30.—As a result of the visit to Sagamore Hill yesterday of Acting Secretary of Navy Newberry, President Roosevelt has informally approved the report of the board which investigated the disaster on the battleship Georgia and indorsed a plan whereby a board of naval experts will be convened to thoroughly investigate the construction and operation of gun turrets on battleships with a view to providing every possible safeguard against explosions.

Secretary Newberry also laid before the President a report embracing suggestions for important changes in the methods of training officers for the navy in the United States naval academy at Annapolis. The President will give this report his extended consideration. The report has been under consideration by naval officers for some time.

MISS ROOT IS ENGAGED

Will Wed U. S. Grant, Late President's Grandson.

Washington, July 30.—Announcement was made today of the engagement of Miss Edith Root, only daughter of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Elihu Root, to Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. A., son of Major General Frederick Dent Grant, commanding the department of the east, and grandson of the late President Grant.

No date has yet been set for the wedding, but it probably will occur in the early autumn. Lieutenant Grant has been one of the military aides to President Roosevelt and the social duties of that place first brought about his acquaintance with Miss Root.

FOREIGN NEWS IN BRIEF

Berlin, July 30.—The report reached here from New York that Carl Buenz, the German consul-general at New York, probably would receive a diplomatic appointment, is incorrect.

Honolulu, July 30.—Commissioner Ishii, who has been sent by the Japanese government to investigate conditions in Hawaii and America affecting his countrymen, has arrived and is the guest of Japanese merchants.

Honolulu, July 30.—Secretary of War Taft has asked thaa a Red Cross organization be formed in the Hawaiian islands.

Paris, July 30.—Ambassador White, accompanied by his son, left here today for Carlsbad, where he will take the cure.

Berlin, July 30.—Theodora W. Richards, professor of chemistry at Harvard university, who is one of the exchange professors with the University of Berlin, closed his lectures here yesterday. He leaves for home tomorrow.

London, July 30.—The house of commons at 6:35 this morning, after an all night sitting, passed the third reading of the bill establishing a court of criminal appeal.

Paris, July 30.—Leroy Park, agent in Europe of the isthmian canal commission, has assumed his new duties as special attache of the American embassy here.

St. Petersburg, July 30.—Two of the men convicted of the murder of Major General Von Der Launitz, prefect of police of St. Petersburg, were executed last evening at Lissy-Noss. Their names were not known.

Paris, July 30.—Prince Alexis Orloff, of Russia, was badly wounded in the face while driving in his automobile to Paris, by a broomstick thrown by an "anti-autoist."

Newport, R. I., July 30.—Robert McCormick, former ambassador to Russia, and Mrs. McCormick, arrived here last night. They are guests at the home of William Fitzhugh Whitehouse.

San Juan, P. R., July 30.—Several dredging companies have been making preparations to bid on a contract to dredge San Juan harbor, for which purpose congress appropriated $750,000, but the government has refused to buy the dredge material.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, July 27.—Bradstreet's today says:

High temperatures have stimulated crop development as a whole, helped retail trade in light summer wear goods and improved reorder business for the latter with jobbers, all these influences favoring some growth of the feeling that early poor starts in crops and trade have been largely made up for. Industry exhibits a lull in some lines, notably iron and steel in its cruder forms, though the immediate effect of the strike of iron ore miners in Minnesota has been to stimulate, temporarily at least, the demand for pig iron at all markets. Lumber is quiet, especially at the south, where production is being curtailed, and prices are easier as a whole. It is significant, however, that one of the country's basic industries—coal—is very active at the west, with general stocking up reported, and good quality bituminous coal sells well at least. Another industry showing marked activity is that of jewelry manufacturing, which is apparently showing no sign of a summer shut down.

Wool is stronger, sales are larger and prices tend up for long staple wools. London sales closed earlier than expected because of large withdrawals, and low grade wools closed lower than expected, while high grades were firm.

Sugar is more active than of late, raws advancing 10 points on light receipts and good buying, while refined declined five points because of the backward season.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending July 25, number 155 against 177 last week, 171 in the like week of 1906, 197 in 1905, 174 in 1904, and 190 in 1903. Canadian failures for the week number 27 as against 26 last week and 24 in this week a year ago.

The Grain Market.

Toledo, O., July 30.—Wheat showed a weaker undertone this morning from the effects of favorable growing conditions in the northwest and lower cables. Reports of experts in the spring wheat belt indicate that while black rust is prevalent in some districts, favorable weather from now on will prevent damage from this source. George Le Count wired this dispatch from Wessing, S. D.: "Half of the fields seen today were infected with genuine black rust but no damage has been done as yet. The infection appears local, and I don't consider the situation serious. The weather is hot and dry and wheat is filling fine."

Liverpool opened ½d lower but at 1:30 was ⅛d off. Cash and July were steady at 91c. Opening unchanged at 92¼c. September eased off ¼c during the first half hour. December opened ¼c higher at 96c, but lost the ground gained before the noon hour. May opened unchanged, dropping from $1.00½ to $1.00⅜ during the early hours.

Buying by Rankin caused a slight upturn late in the day. Absence of outside trade worked against the crowd trying to bull wheat. Wrenn bought 50,000 of September, and crowd bid it up to 92⅛c at Chicago. Liverpool closed ¼d to ½d lower. There was a decrease in the world's available supply, compared to an increase last year. Experts do not expect more than a moderate crop in South Dakota. The local closes were: Cash and July, 91c; September, 92⅛c; December, 96⅛c; May, $1.00⅞.

Corn was stronger in the distant futures than in the other options. At Liverpool, the market was ½d lower. Cash and July opened unchanged, 56¼ and 56½c respectively. At noon July declined ¼c. Up ⅛c at 55¾c, September receded ¼c before the end of the first hour. After opening ⅛c up at 50c, December receded ⅛c soon after the beginning of the session. May was ⅛c up at 51½c.

Eastern cash houses were good sellers of September corn. The market became steady with little trade and the selling scattered. Liverpool closed ½d lower. The world's available supply showed a big decrease. The closes were: Cash, 54c; July, 56c; September, 55½@55⅝c; December, 49¾c; May, 51½c.

Cash and July oats were practically unchanged at 49¼c. September was down ⅛c at 39¾c. A loss of ⅛c was also registered against the December option. May opened ¼c down at 41¾c but gained ⅛c before the noon hour. The bullish influence of Patten was still felt in oats.

Barnum and Freeman were the best buyers of oats. Commission houses sold on the opening. Patten's trade was not in evidence. Standard oats f. o. b. at Chicago were 46¾c, showing a 1c premium over July. The closes: Cash and July, 49¼c; September, 39¾c; December, 39¾c; May, 41¾c.

There has been no particular change in clover seed within the last few days. All the options opened unchanged, cash being quoted at $9.50, October at $9.30 and December and March at $8.75.

With the exception of a 5c decline in October clover seed closes were the same as the openings.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High	Low.	Close—Jy. 30.	Close—Jy. 31.
Wheat—					
Cash	91	....	90½	91	91
July	91	....	90	91	91
Sept	92¼	92⅜	91⅝	92¼	92⅜
Dec	96	96¼	95⅜	96¼	95⅞
May	1.00½	....	1.00	1.00⅞	1.00½
Corn—					
Cash	56¼	....	....	56	56¼
July	56½	....	....	56	56½
Sept.	55¾	....	55¼	55¼	55⅝
Dec.	50	....	49⅝	49⅞	49⅞
May	51½	....	51⅜	51½	51⅜
Oats—					
Cash	49¼	....	....	49½	49¼
July	50	....	49¼	49½	49½
Sept	39⅜	....	39¼	39⅝	39⅝
Dec	39½	....	....	39⅝	39⅝
May	41⅝	....	41¾	....	41⅜
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.50	....	....	9.50	9.50
Oct	9.30	....	....	9.25	9.30
Dec	8.75	....	....	8.75	8.75
March	8.75	....	....	8.75	8.75
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	73	76
No. 2	....	....	....	72	75
No. 3	....	....	....	70	70
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	....	2.17½
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.00	8.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	90¼	....	89⅞	90¼	90¼
Sept.	92½	92⅝	91½	92⅝	92¼
Dec.	96¼	96¼	95⅝	96¼	96
May	1.00⅞	1.01¼	1.00⅜	1.01	1.00⅝
Corn—					
July	54¼	....	53½	53½	54¼
Sept.	53½	53⅝	53¼	53½	53⅛
Dec.	49⅞	....	49⅝	50	49⅞
May	51⅜	....	50⅞	51¼	51⅜
Oct	....	....	....	52¾	....
Oats—					
July	46	....	44½	44⅝	45⅜
Sept.	39⅝	39¾	....	39⅜	39⅝
Dec.	39¾	....	39⅜	39⅜	39⅜
May	42¾	42¾	41⅞	41⅞	42⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	99⅝	....	98¾	99¼	99¼
Dec	1.03	....	....	1.03	1.02⅞
Corn—					
Sept	61⅞	....	....	61¾	62
Dec	60	....	....	59¾	60

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	89⅝	....	88⅞	89⅜	89¼
Dec	93¾	93⅝	92⅝	93⅜	93⅜

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	97⅜	97⅜
Dec	....	....	....	98½	98⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.00⅜	1.00⅝
Dec	....	....	....	99¾	1.00

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	16.40	....	....	16.42	16.27
Sept	16.40	....	....	16.55	16.47
Lard—					
July	9.10	....	9.07	9.10	....
Sept	9.25	....	9.22	9.25	9.27
Oct	9.27	....	....	9.30	9.32
Jan	....	....	....	8.67	....
Ribs—					
July	....	....	....	8.57	....
Sept	8.72	8.75	....	8.72	8.75
Oct	8.60	....	....	8.65	8.62

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stockyards, July 30.—Receipts of hogs were 12 cars today. Everything in the hog line met with a ready sale, with prices strong, compared with yesterday. Local packers were the chief buyers of mixed loads of light and medium weights at $6.65. Selected yorkers were quoted at $6.70. The entire offerings sold during the first round and the same was satisfactory to sellers. Heavies were quoted at 25c discount under prime lights.

Three cars of cattle were received. Prime were strong and commons were lower. Sheep and calves ruled steady.

Western hog receipts: Chicago, 14,000; estimated left over, 4,200; Omaha, 18,000; Kansas City, 9,500.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.40@6.45; mediums, $6.60@6.65; Yorkers, $6.70; bulk of sales, $6.65@6.70; pigs, $6.60@6.70; stags and roughs, $5.50@5.60; good mixed, $6.65.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.50@6.00; good to choice